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MARCH 24, 1970

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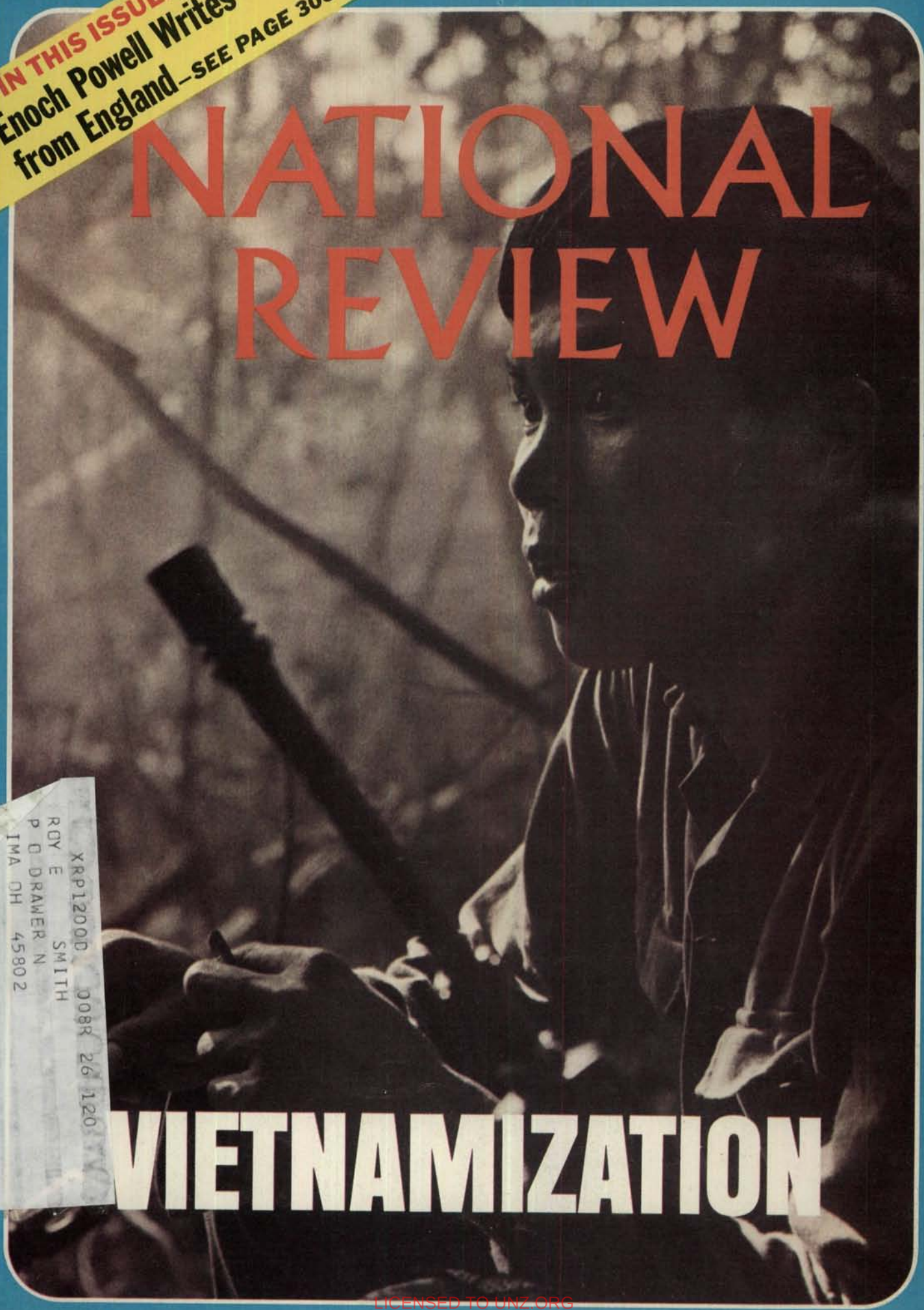
NATIONAL REVIEW



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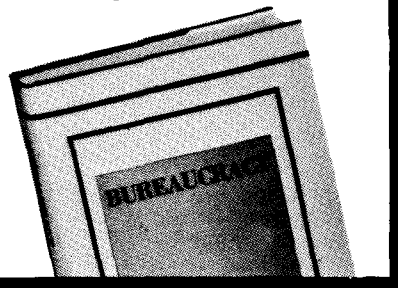
BUREAUCRACY

"There are two methods for the conduct of human affairs within the frame of human society," writes Ludwig von Mises. "One is bureaucratic management, the other is profit management." In this book, Dr. von Mises provides the knowledge and the insight necessary for a rational appraisal of the two.

The author does not condemn bureaucracy per se. He shows where it is useful and necessary. But then he sets out in bold relief where bureaucracy is a disaster — when it substitutes government action where private enterprise ought to prevail.

The long conflict between individualism and collectivism continues to divide mankind into two hostile camps. Today many advocates of omnicompetent government are less sure of themselves. Thus, at long last, this prophetic look at the contrast between bureaucratic and business management could have its day.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ludwig von Mises is internationally known as the leading exponent of the Austrian School of Economics and is the author of a shelf of major books dealing with economic theory and social practice. For more than twenty years he taught economics at the University of Vienna and from 1934 to 1940 at the Graduate Institute of International Studies in Geneva. He has lectured as a visiting professor at British, French, Dutch, Italian, and Mexican universities, and until his retirement in mid-1969, taught at the Graduate School of Business Administration at New York University.

"One of the great books of our age."
—John Chamberlain, *New York Times*

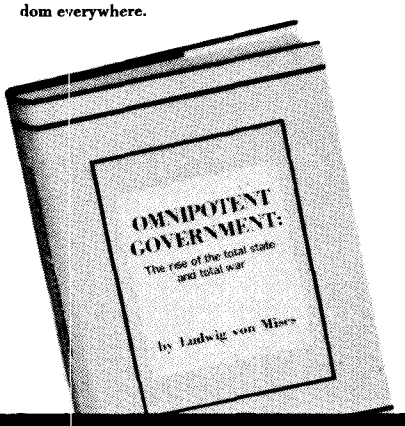
OMNIPOTENT GOVERNMENT:
The rise of the total state and total war

In this age of rising totalitarianism and bureaucratic management of economic affairs, Ludwig von Mises has been one of the great champions of freedom, both political and economic.

As early as 1912, Dr. von Mises predicted the postwar German inflation. His explanation of economic depressions, known all over the world as the Austrian theory of the business cycle, was verified by the collapse of 1929.

In this book the author provides an economic explanation of the international conflicts that caused both World Wars. He shows that economic nationalism and the trend toward economic self-sufficiency are the necessary outcome of government intervention in the private enterprises of its citizens. Free government at home and peaceful collaboration abroad are impossible in a world of trade barriers and domestic practices that benefit one group at the expense of everyone else. Only in a world that is really free for trade as well as for ideas can freedom survive.

Professor von Mises supports his analysis with a review of the events that gave rise to Nazism and prevented Germany and the rest of the world from stopping it. But the book goes much further: it may stand as the most momentous and challenging criticism yet made of social and economic doctrines that now threaten freedom everywhere.



"*Theory and History* is a defense of individualism in the social sciences . . . an excellent book. It is original, interesting, and lucid." —*Times Literary Supplement*

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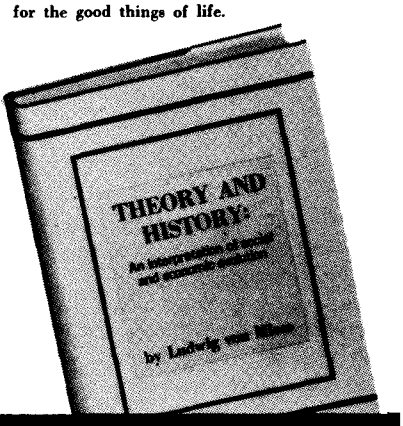
This is the economic philosophy of one of the original, untrammeled minds of this century. It is the work of an unshakeable champion of the individual and his need to make his own choices, and even mistakes, in his search for the good things of life.



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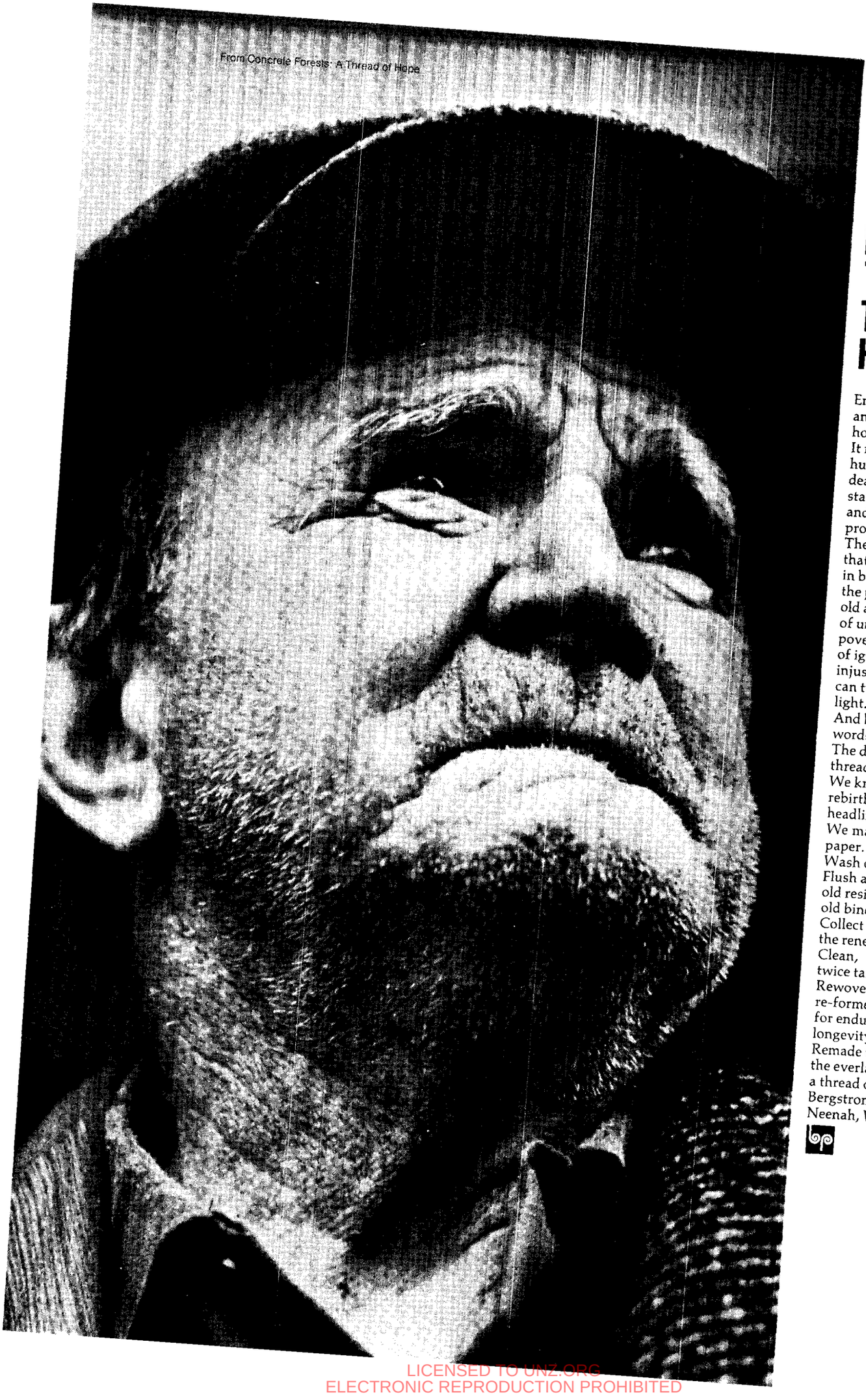

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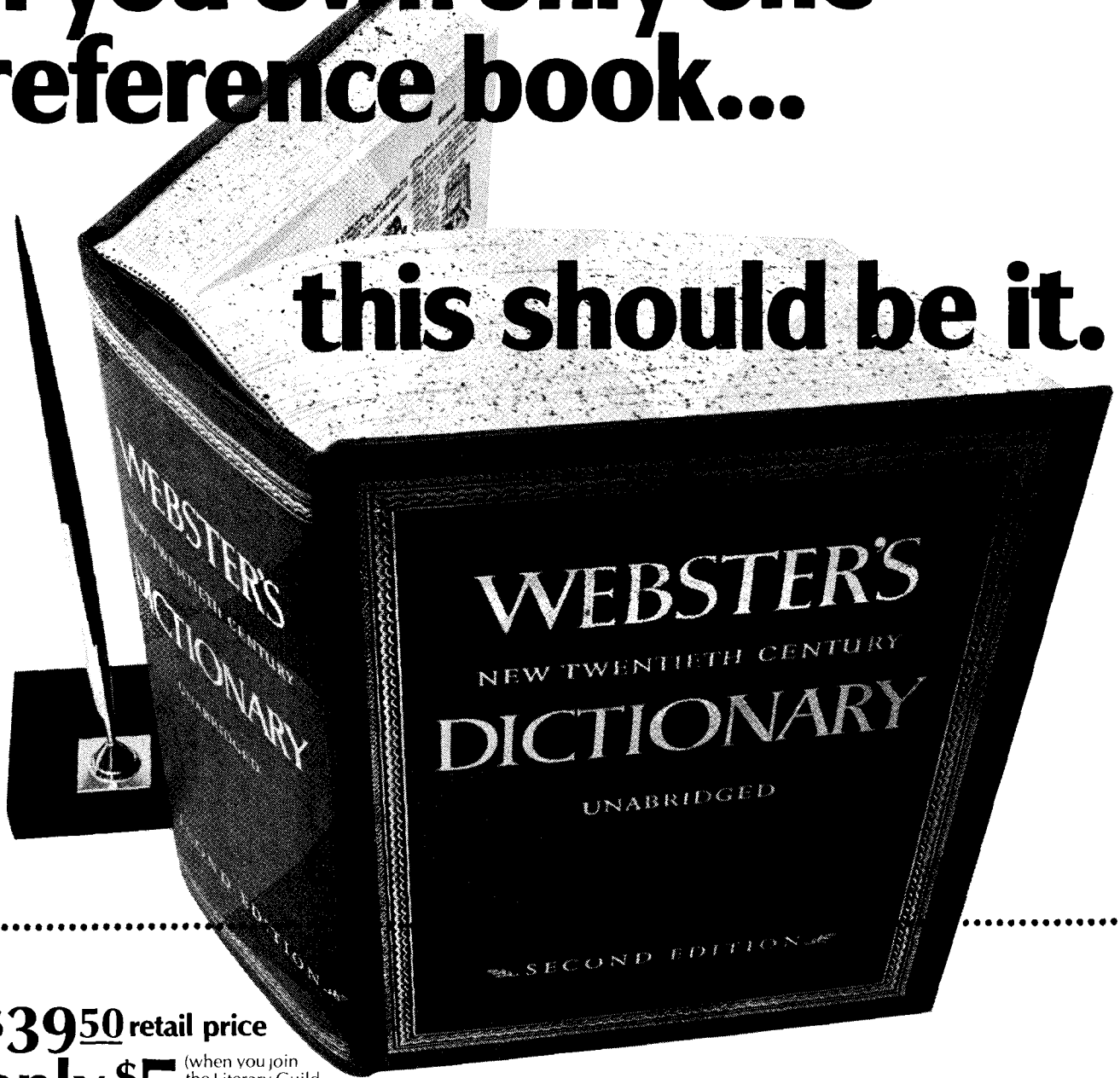

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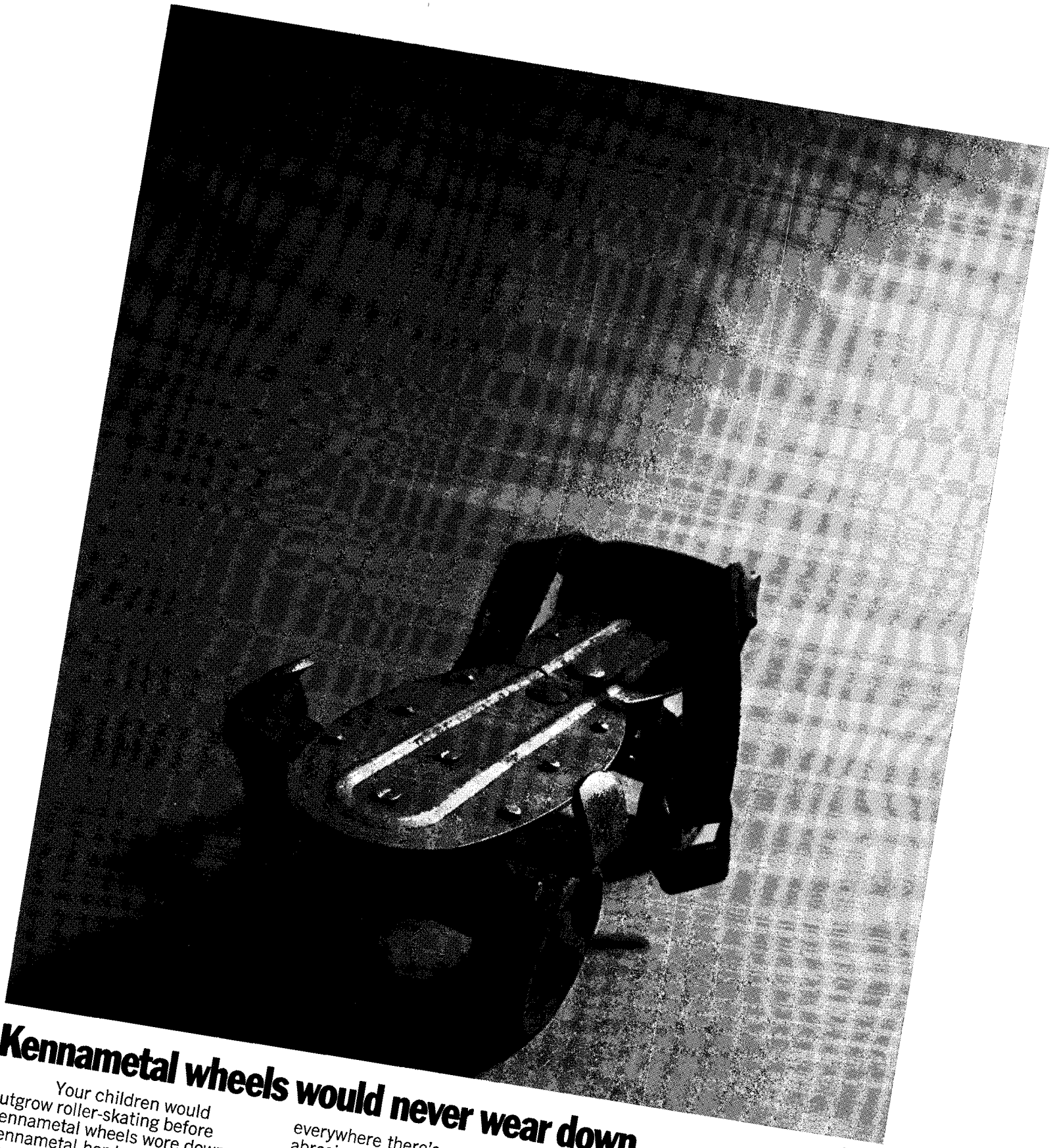

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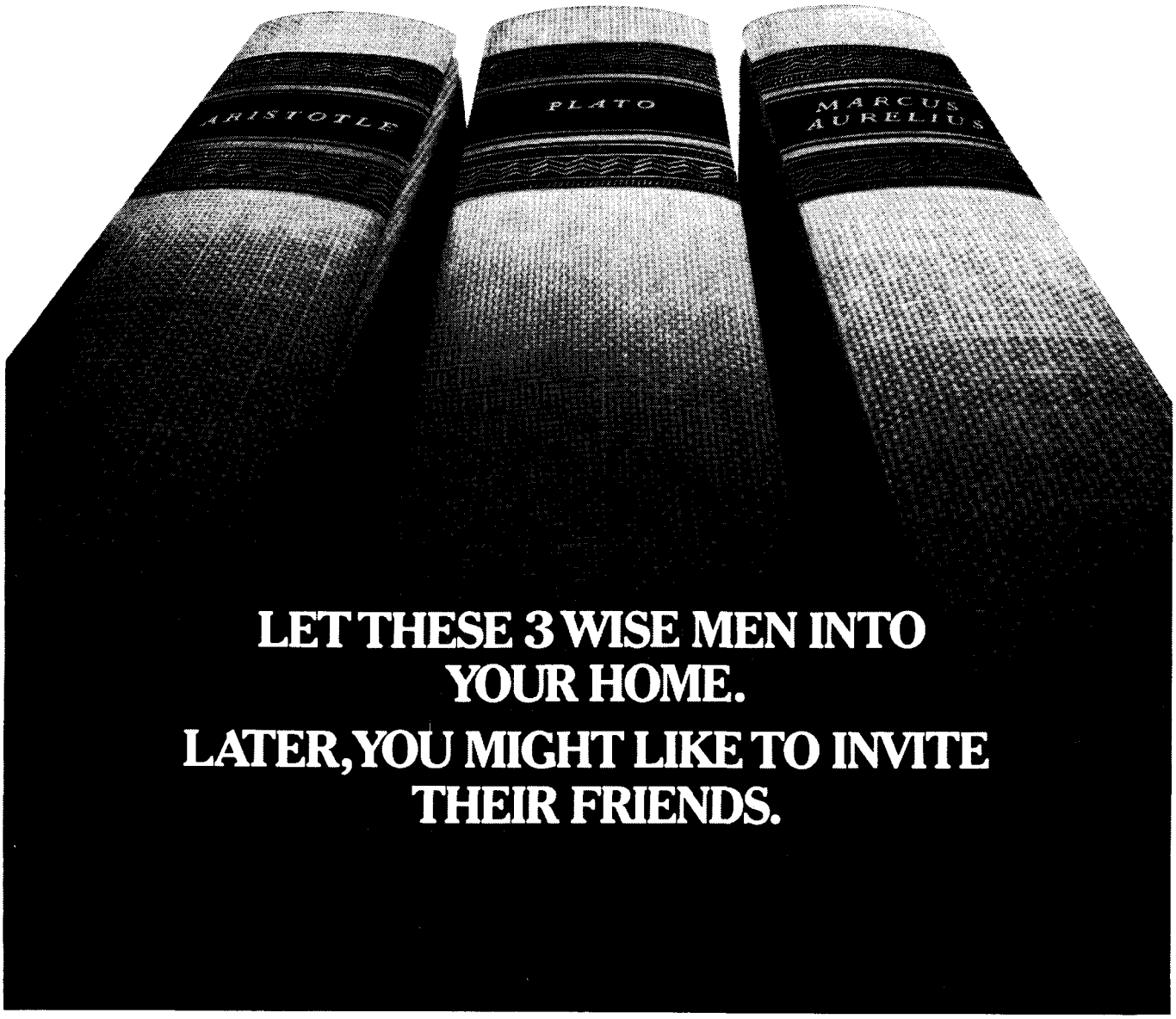

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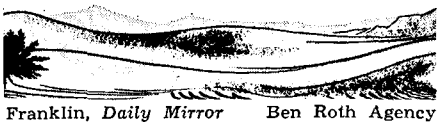
FOR THE RECORD

■ **Larry O'Brien**'s turn-about decision to take the chairmanship of the Democratic Party is regarded as slap at **Hubert Humphrey** (who hadn't been able, on his own, to persuade O'Brien to take the job), and indicates further erosion of HHH's power within the party at time when no one else is coming up very fast. . . . Could be reason, say some, why **Eugene McCarthy** in surprise London TV interview indicated he might be interested in running for President in 1972 after all, providing the Democratic Party had "been reformed" by then. McCarthy, being McCarthy, gave no further prescription. . . . Illinois conservatives, at first lukewarm at appointment of **Ralph Smith** to replace **Everett Dirksen** in the Senate, are better pleased with him now. Smith, after some hesitation, voted for **Clement Haynsworth**, and has now come out in support of Judge **Julius Hoffman** and of the heavy contempt sentences Hoffman imposed on the **Chicago Seven** and their lawyers.

■ That **Nelson Rockefeller** still wields considerable political clout was indicated last week when **John Marchi** (who ran as a Republican against **John Lindsay** last fall) took himself out of the GOP senatorial primary contest. . . . Not discouraged, a group of conservative Republicans in the Glen Cove area who have organized their own "Republicans against Goodell" committee. Group is headed by **Frank Russo**, **Norman Sorenson** (11 Prospect Avenue, Glen Cove, N.Y.). . . . Not at all pleased by all accounts, **Goodell** himself at his introduction at a Long Island political do by **Leonard Hall**. Goodell, said Hall, is "greatest switch hitter since Christine Jorgenson."

■ Next, says **Jerry Rubin**, the Chicago Seven plan to make a movie of their trial (they will, he says, offer Judge Hoffman $100,000 to play himself). According to Rubin, **Dustin Hoffman** (*Midnight Cowboy*) will be asked to take part in the movie. . . . Rubin, by the way, in recent interview over Washington radio station WTOP, said a lot of the antics in court were with the *intention* of causing Judge Hoffman a heart attack.



Franklin, *Daily Mirror* Ben Roth Agency

"I found eight moths planted in the weave yesterday."

■ Ousting of **Leon Panetta** from high HEW post has provoked speculation that axe may drop on other Finch-nominated left-liberal types—e.g., **James H. Allen**, Dr. **Roger Egeberg**, **James Farmer** and (some whisper) **Finch** himself. . . . The bad guys, as Panetta saw it, within the Administration, were: **H. R. Haldeman**, **Bryce Harlow**, **John Ehrlichman** and **Harry Dent** (conservatives all) . . Justice **William O. Douglas**' new book, *Points of Rebellion*, which is being widely praised and quoted in the New, Far and Communist left press, has spurred new efforts on the Hill in support of Rep. **Gerald Ford**'s lagging drive to get Douglas impeached. In the book, Douglas advocates revolution if necessary to overthrow today's Establishment which is, he says, "the new **George III**."

■ Just before he died, according to an Agence France Presse story from Cairo, **Bertrand Russell** wrote a letter condemning the deep Israeli air and commando raids into Egypt as "unpardonable." The letter is now being widely circulated in the Arab world. . . . Just about to come out in London, a new monthly publication called *Spokesman*, which, says its editors, will "organize support for the ideas of Bertrand Russell."

■ In California, Rep. **George Brown** said he didn't want the endorsement of the far left **California Democratic Council**, but he got it anyway, by a resounding 644 to 52 vote, over Rep. **John Tunney**. Brown had discovered that he was running far behind Tunney in primary senatorial race and has been trying to backpedal from his far-out political positions. (He, incidentally, not only favors the seating of Red China in the UN, he'd like to see East Germany, North Vietnam and North Korea in too.) . . . Sen. **Alan Cranston**, who was once head of the CDC, is in plenty of trouble, too, for hosting a dinner to collect money for the **American Civil Liberties Union** last fall. It was ACLU which brought the case that resulted in a sweeping integration order in Los Angeles that is presently discommoding many of Cranston's constituents. . . . Back in the news in California, former Congressman **John Rousselot**, who has severed his ties with the JBS, is running for office again in the 24th CD (the seat held by conservative Republican **Glen Lipscomb** before his untimely death a month ago).

■ GI humorists at work: A soldier in Vietnam who visited a PX the other day to buy a birthday card for his girl reports the only cards it carried were "Get Well" and "Bon Voyage" cards.

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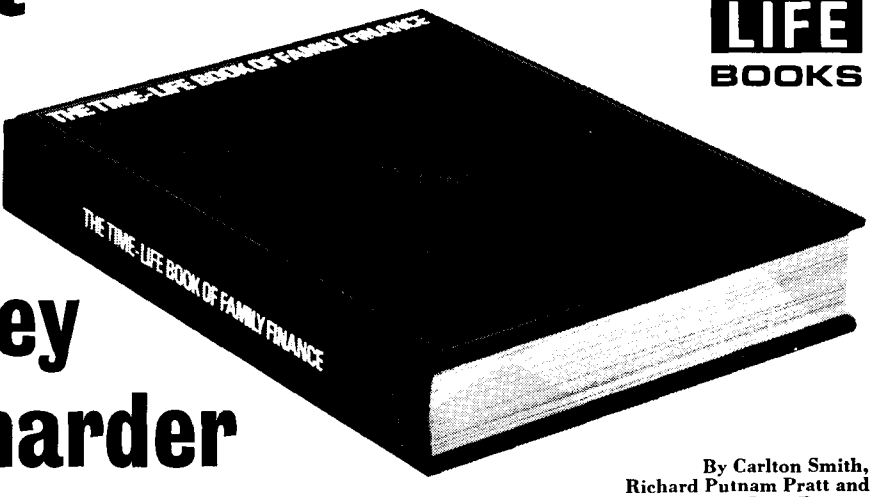

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Ways to cut your income tax (Chapter 10). Our experts make sense of tricky tax laws and point out ways to save that most people overlook: Where to free dollars from taxes. Who can get double exemptions. What capital-gains windfalls are. How Uncle Sam encourages stock market investors. Little-used medical deductions.

Planning a secure retirement (Chapter 14). People are retiring earlier and living longer. That takes money and planning, too—if you want to be independent. This book shows you how to figure what your income will be; how to get the most out of Social Security and government benefits; where to live; sources of retirement income.

Buying the right insurance (Chapter 5). A chapter on how to buy insurance wisely. Gimmicks you don't need that increase cost. Benefits that cost very little. When to cancel a policy. What *term, ordinary life* and *endowment* mean. What riders do for you. Why you should pay premiums annually. Why "first dollar" health insurance may be uneconomical.

Prudent estate planning (Chapter 13). There are ways to make certain your worldly goods go to the people you intend them for. You'll learn how to reduce estate and inheritance taxes, red tape and legal fees; avoid mistakes that may invalidate your will; give away a lot beforehand to avoid unnecessary taxes; set up a trust; avoid much costly probate. Tip: It's not always wise to put a house or bank account in joint ownership.

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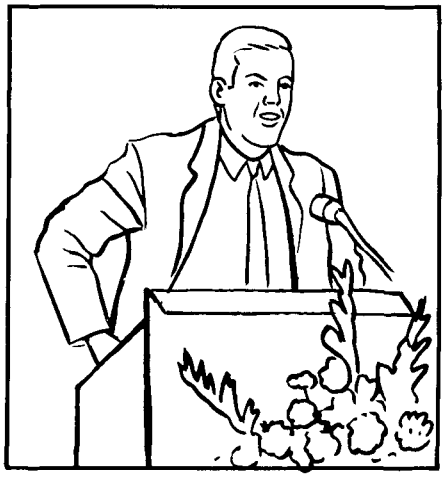

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IN THIS ISSUE

■ **J. Enoch Powell,** even his enemies admit, is one of the most brillant figures on the contemporary British scene. While still in his twenties, he held the classics chair at the University of Sydney in Australia. He has translated Herodotus and written on economics and English history. Under Harold Macmillan, Mr. Powell served as Minister of Health and, until the widely publicized and much distorted flap over his views on Commonwealth immigration, was the Tory shadow-cabinet defense minister. Mr. Powell, a staunch defender of the free economy, discusses the real reasons for the improvement in Britain's balance of payments. . . . **Alistair Horne**, George Fielding Eliot has pointed out, has a masterful grasp of the relationship between politics and strategy, an expertise he applies in this issue to a sympathetic analysis of the plight of the Israelis. Mr. Horne, who served in Palestine in 1948 as a British soldier, is the author of numerous works on European history. His latest book, *To Lose a Battle: France 1940*, has received wide critical acclaim. . . . The Order and Freedom debate continues. In the first of two columns, **Frank Meyer** neatly sidesteps Professor Zoll's cavalry charge and attempts to turn his right flank. . . . **Tom Sage** is the pen name of an English journalist who lived for many years in Italy. . . . **James Burnham** continues his investigation into the mystery of the Polish mountain climbers.

■ The photographs for our picture story on Vietnamization were brought back by **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** from his recent trip to Vietnam and Laos. They tell, very simply, how one Vietnamese unit carried out one of the kind of missions that the Vietnamese more and more will be taking over.

■ **Ralph de Toledano**, long-time *NR* contributor, looks at the highly touted *New Yorker*ish biography of César Chavez by Peter Matthiessen. Matthiessen, says Mr. Toledano, is a fine novelist. But a lousy reporter. . . . Two other old friends, Professor **Guy Davenport** of the University of Kentucky and Professor **Gerhart Niemeyer** of Notre Dame, enliven this week's book section. Mr. Davenport discusses three important contemporary novels. Mr. Niemeyer analyzes two on Stalin by Robert Conquest. . . . **J. Bernard Burnham**, who has just completed a Ph.D. in economics at Washington University, serves as assistant to Federal Reserve Governor Sherman Maisel. . . . **Ross Mackenzie** is chief editorial writer for the *Richmond News-Leader*. Mr. Mackenzie took his basic training under James Jackson Kilpatrick. . . . **Richmond Crinkley** enjoys *Hair*.

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LETTERS

Boomlay-Boom!

James Burnham states [*NR*, Feb. 24] that "sentimentalists, fanatics, demagogues and idiots" are trying to scuttle supersonic air transport development in the United States. Might not rational conservatives also oppose the SST?

By necessity, supersonic military aircraft have been produced for many years in the United States. Advances in supersonic state-of-the-art have resulted from defense-initiated aircraft development. Considering our sophisticated military aircraft, why must civilian supersonic craft be developed for technological gain?

"There is no point in debating whether mankind 'needs' supersonic transportation," Mr. Burnham concludes. May I suggest that the time to debate is *now*? National security is a reason to suffer the deleterious neighborhood effects of military supersonics; what similar necessity warrants the pollution, sonic booms and expense of the SST? Let us not succumb so readily to Mr. Burnham's specious inevitability.

Middletown, Conn. GARY S. JACOBSON

Mr. Burnham says of the SST: "Mankind is going to get it whether needed or not." Is this the logic of the free world? Fortunately, progressive nations like Sweden, West Germany and Switzerland have already forbidden SSTs to use their airspace or landing facilities. If consumer sovereignty is not a myth in this country, perhaps we can persuade our legislators to follow suit. Denied American ground facilities, where will the SSTs land? We could forbid our airlines to purchase supersonic jets until the problems of noise and breakage have been solved. Our balance of payments should not suffer unduly, since tourists, not aircraft, are our principal export.

Tucson, Ariz. MICHAEL CUDDIHY

I for one don't have to travel and rush from here to there in search of nothing. I like my mountains and wilderness unshattered by the sounds of sonic booms! Just what is the true economics of a technology that pollutes the ionosphere?

Telluride, Colo. DAVID FARNY

Those of us who are not liberals *and* who don't like the SST wonder if we cannot object simply on the grounds that we don't want the racket, that we don't like the pollution of the troposphere, and that we want to have something to say about the way we live our lives.

I find it appalling that in regard to the particulars of the quality of life, *NR* has spent so much time recommending strange films, exotic foods, academic manners, proper wines, and said so little about how to preserve the ecological integrity of this one-of-a-kind world.

Wauwatosa, Wis. DAVID TILLOTSON

It has always been considered a primary trait of conservatives that—in contrast to ideologues of all persuasions—they face the real world instead of substituting a world of their own imagining. By their rhetoric and their arguments the SST critics show they have escaped to the same Rousseauistic fantasyland that beckons our current crusaders for "unspoiled Nature." —JB

Our Man at IHS

I have futilely written to both *Newsweek* and *Time* urging them to devote just one article to concerned, yet non-Left youth. *Newsweek* answered and informed me that the "worldwide" student movement, whether I realize it or not, can effect progressive, social change. Moreover, I was told that *Newsweek* has always tried to be "objective" in its coverage. . . .

Leave it to NATIONAL REVIEW to publish [Feb. 24] an intelligent analysis of the Moratorium by a member of the under-thirty generation who does not spout leftist ideology. Richard Brookhiser successfully captures the illogical emotionalism and blind faddism of many high-school doves. His article provides a refreshing change for those tired of hearing bushy-haired radicals claim that they speak for modern American youth!

Norwood, N.J. SUZANNE FIELDS

Congratulations to your young contributor from Irondequoit High on his first article in NATIONAL REVIEW. Not only was it interesting, it also changed my opinion as to what the voting age should be. I am no longer against the eighteen-year-old voting age but now favor a fourteen-year-old voting age . . . at least for Richard Brookhiser.

Washington, D.C. JOHN D. LOFTON JR.

Israel . . .

Your approval ["The Week," Feb. 10] of Secretary Rogers' principle of letting our Mideast policy be governed by the national interest is admirable, but such a standard is at variance with an "even-handed" approach.

Is it in the national interest to be "even-handed" vis-à-vis a conflict between a completely democratic state and a single-party dictatorship? Should we be "even-handed" toward a state which honors its investment and licensing commitments, and one which expropriated its major foreign-owned asset? In view of the Alaskan North Shelf discoveries, should we remain "even-handed" to a group of states that wants to export oil, at the expense of a state that wants to import U.S. industrial products? And finally, should we be "even-handed" to a state which has a big U.S.-oriented university, and to one which contains a major Russian supply base and refueling station?

By all means, we should ignore liberal ideological scene-setting, but let's not fool ourselves on the definition of our Mideast "friends," and the national interest.

San Francisco, Calif. JAY J. LEVINE

. . . and her Enemies

The American public usually accepts the interpretation of "Al Fatah" as an inverse acronym for "Palestine Liberation Movement." This can be done, however, only because Americans usually do not know Arabic. What "Al Fatah" really means to every Arab is, in fact, "Conquering of non-Muslim land by Muslims," as it is put by the best authority on the Arabic language, namely *Lisan Al-Arab*, Vol. 2, p. 537.

It is significant to note that this organization, which pretends to be Palestinian rather than pan-Arabic, secular rather than Muslim, chose a name for itself so deeply rooted in the ancient Arabic and Islamic Holy War tradition.

Cambridge, Mass. UZZI ORNAN

Do We Hear Eleven?

After reading your editorial "Why Not Seventeen?" [March 10], I fell into a reverie. It went something like this . . .

THE PHILLIPS-ROBBINS REPORT

Jim: There were serious disturbances in Chicago, New York and Palo Alto today as NCVT (National Committee for the Vote at Twelve) demonstrated against the defeat of a proposed constitutional amendment lowering the voting age to twelve. Three people were killed, hundreds injured, and five hundred arrested. The thirteen state legislatures voting against were Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Florida, South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Nevada. Now to Tom Robbins for an analysis of today's action. Tom . . .

Tom: Thanks, Jim. Today's action by a few state legislatures, mainly from the traditionally repressive deep South, deprives the twelve- and thirteen-year-olds of this country of the inalienable right to vote. Unfortunate, but understandable, are the civil disturbances caused by this decision. It really shows good discipline on the part of the kids that there were so

(Continues on page 321)

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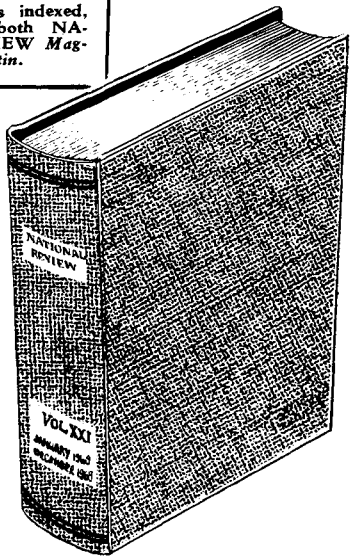

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THE WEEK

■ Good question, from an unlikely source (the *Militant*, newspaper of the Trotskyite Young Socialist Alliance): If the Catholic church allows its priests to get married, what will it do when its married priests want to get divorced?

■ Anyone here seen Arthur Goldberg? They saw him at two news conferences, one in December and one in February. And at both he said: "I have decided against being a candidate either for governor or senator in the 1970 New York elections. This decision is final and not subject to change." But he didn't say "positively." (Remember how John Lindsay said they'd raise subway fares only over his "dead body"? The rumor is that he's still walking around.) Anyhow, they saw Goldberg again, in March, this time up at Columbia, where he sounded like nothing else in the world more than a gubernatorial candidate panting to be asked. Poor Rocky. He'd just as soon not see the politically potent Goldberg, especially at a time when the Democrats are fielding five other aspiring candidates whose names no one can ever quite remember. And it all must sort of remind him of his own on-again, off-again '68 Presidential performance. But still, it must be kind of fun for him to watch the Democrats cut one another up. Especially if it ends with some candidate visible other than Goldberg.

■ It was late, and the delegates of the New Democratic Coalition in New York (the 1968 Gene McCarthy crowd) were weary, and it was all so noisy that they didn't know what the black brothers wanted so badly, but they finally raised their hands and voted for it: three hundred to twenty. What was it? Well, an amendment which will give the NDC's few black members a vote equal to that of *all* white members at future meetings and which pledges NDC to withdraw support from any New York State candidate who doesn't come out for a yearly $5,600 minimum for welfare families plus "free food for all poor people."

■ From a Senate debate, January 22, 1951: "One important issue has been quite clearly defined. That issue is whether the President should seek the advice of Congress on the question of sending troops to Europe now, or whether his discretion should be subject to the consent of Congress. Apparently the President is agreeable to the idea that it is proper for Congress to give him its advice about this question, leaving to him the full responsibility for making the final decision. He is not willing, however, to accept the principle that the consent of the Congress is necessary to validate his decision. . . . Personally, I agree with the position of the President. I do not agree with the proposal of the minority leader [Sen. Robert A. Taft]. The Congress has the right and power to raise the Armed Forces, but the President has the responsibility for the command of those forces. . . . In the long run decisions on military strategy are best left to the Executive. That is the plain intent of our constitutional system. It would be dangerous for our future welfare to change the underlying principle simply because a strong minority or even a majority of the Congress may lack confidence in the wisdom of the Executive in some particular instance such as the present."

—Sen. J. William Fulbright

■ The New Left is so flamboyant that you tend to forget all about the Old Left—so gray, so untheatrical, so prosaic. But the Old Left is very much there, plodding away, and last week it came forward in the *N.Y. Review of Books* with an "Appeal to the President and the Congress" to "normalize" relations with East Germany. It was altogether fitting that the appeal was made for closer relations with East Germany, the grayest, the most puritanical, and the most widely despised of the Soviet colonial dependencies; and the names signing the appeal were redolent of congressional hearings past: John Abt, Herbert Aptheker, Anne and Carl Braden, Victor Perlo, Morris U. Schappes, Dirk Struik. . . . Old Leftists never die, they don't even fade away.

■ Yet another Southern governor, John J. McKeithen of Louisiana, has propelled himself into nationwide headlines by opposing federal efforts to integrate his state's schools. Not a man, as was Governor Wallace, to block the classroom door, and no Lester Maddox urging defiance of the law, McKeithen coaxed and pleaded in full-page newspaper and magazine ads for "justice and equal treatment" by Washington. Louisianians, he said, "ask no special treatment; we demand no concessions. But we *do* seek and expect to be treated the same as any other state in the nation!" Specifically, McKeithen said, the same as New York, whose de facto segregation has gone untouched by federal planners even while Louisiana has been ordered to bring about complete racial balancing of its schools. The close reasoning and subdued tone of McKeithen's ad impressed many people; one liberal New York newspaper went so far as to suggest that McKeithen may be a powerful national politician in the near future, inheriting George Wallace's constituency should Wallace stumble, and winning over more moderate voters than Wallace can reach outside the South.

■ The ROTC building at Washington University was recently burned to the ground. Asked to comment, Chancellor Thomas Eliot explained: "While I disapprove of violence, you've got to understand the way the kids feel about that bloody war in Vietnam." Sort of the way they feel about university administrators, eh, Chance?

■ Alcatraz island secured, the Redskins are now attacking on the mainland. Nearly one hundred savages led by white-turncoat Jane Fonda assaulted Fort Lawton in Washington. The beleagured bastion withstood the attack

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and even managed to take some prisoners; but the entire West Coast is panicking. One very high Army officer, who doesn't want to be identified, says their only hope is that Jane Fonda will call on brother Peter. With two Fondas in joint command he doubts if the entire Red Chinese army could take an anthill.

■ The sudden and startling reaction against forced integration seems to have driven some editors to drink. Or something. A prime example from the post-Luce *Time*, chiding politicians for emotionalism, celebrates what it conceives of as the quintessence of calmness. "Such calm advice as that of Alabama Superintendent of Education Ernest Stone is sorely needed. Says he: 'If they'll let me keep the public school system, I'll crawl on my belly and eat grass and crow until doomsday.' " Ever hear anything calmer than that?

■ A polite cheer, please, for Evel Kneivel, who dresses neatly, wears his hair short, and rides a motorcycle. Through the air—his specialty is roaring up a ramp then flying across an open space. The other night, just after he had successfully jumped his cycle over eleven automobiles, Evel was assaulted by a group of Hell's Angels (he makes no secret of his distaste for the Angels, who, he says, give motorcycling a bad name). He defended himself so effectively that police had to wade in to save the Angels, two of whom wound up in the hospital. Evel went home, presumably to plan his Dream Jump over the Grand Canyon.

■ How they love to play at espionage. The Cubans, alert as always, seized a small sailing vessel in international waters twenty miles off their north coast, declaring the boat had been on a spying mission for the United States. How did they guess? Well, the boat was painted red, white and blue. And then what did they do? Well, after a prod from Washington, they released the passengers quick. Just a couple of nice guys out looking for sunken treasure.

■ Gerald Emanuel Stearn teaches history. He even taught history at Columbia. Now he writes about the Black Panthers in the *N.Y. Times Magazine*. The Panthers are awful; they are violent; what they say makes little sense to Gerald Emanuel Stearn and the other people who talked to them. "Still, if the Panthers that December evening had solicited money for their cause (for bail bonds or food or who knows what) most of us would have contributed—though they disturb our images of revolutionaries, past and future. They will continue to haunt us with confused definitions of good and evil. But Frankenstein, after all, was a white man." QED.

■ Eleanor Roosevelt is alive and well and writing "The Talk of the Town" in the *New Yorker*. Anent the Chicago conspiracy trial: "It is important to remember, when the effects of bad conduct by the judge are weighed against the effects of bad conduct by the defendants, that the trial could not possibly have resulted in the defendants' putting the judge in jail."

Deeper and Deeper Still

President Nixon's "Family Assistance Plan" has something for almost everyone: more money for those on welfare, larger welfare rolls and higher taxes for the nation, and trouble for the Republican Party. Little wonder that the liberals of the House Democratic Study Group have lined up behind the bill; little wonder that Democrat Wilbur Mills has suddenly decided that it is a fine thing,

"Couldn't you wait?"

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eminently deserving of his services as floor manager now that it has been approved by his Ways and Means Committee.

Time was when the Nixon welfare plan had, or seemed to have, something for conservatives as well. When the plan was unveiled last August, conservatives welcomed it—because it was Richard Nixon's, and because it seemed to be a giant step toward dismantling the existing Charles Addams welfare edifice and replacing it with something sane, realistic and workable. But it soon became apparent that after all, all that was contemplated was the adding of yet another wing—and that (in liberal Hugh Scott's phrase) the conservatives were getting the rhetoric while the liberals got the action.

Conservatives were soon reminded of one of their own first principles: That government programs tend inevitably to grow in size and cost. On August 8, Nixon stated clearly that "for dependent families there will be an orderly substitution of food stamps by the new direct monetary payments." By August 19, a member of the Presidential staff with a vested interest in the continuation of the food stamp program was saying "both [food stamps *and* income supplements] are essential and will continue together for some time." Came the autumn, and food stamps were officially back in; came the 1971 budget, and the Administration was asking that the appropriation for them be doubled. Similarly, Nixon began by calling for a minimum $65 monthly payment to the blind, aged and disabled. When the bill embodying his welfare plan was drawn up, the minimum was found to have jumped to $90. By the time the bill cleared Ways and Means, the figure was $110.

Indeed, when stripped of rhetoric about "workfare" and "family assistance," the Nixon welfare plan emerges as an extension of the present non-system. Where ten million people now receive $5 billion annually in federal welfare payments, 25 million will receive at least $10 billion. And no one, liberal or conservative, will seriously contend that those antes will not be upped considerably in years to come. "Work incentives"? When the aged, the disabled and mothers of preschool children are subtracted from the ten million now on relief, about 500,000 able-bodied unemployed are left; work incentive and training programs aimed at those 500,000 have so far resulted in a mere handful working themselves off the relief rolls. Helping the "working poor" (fifteen million of whom will receive government checks if the Nixon plan becomes law)? But many poor people who have hitherto managed to support themselves will decide, once the checks start coming in, to let the government carry the whole load. Most important, the principle will have been established once and for all that welfare is a way of life, a permanent condition, rather than a temporary leg-up.

And so Democrats will support the welfare bill—liberal Democrats, because it continues, on an enlarged basis, the system they love so well; all Democrats, because Nixon's welfare plan can only damage his standing with the job-holding, taxpaying majority that elected him. So far, most Republicans are lining up obediently, because the bill is a Republican President's. NATIONAL REVIEW regretfully joins others in the conservative mainstream in urging the defeat of this welfare scheme—on grounds that its passage will be a victory that neither the President nor the nation can afford.

An Open Letter To:

Norman Cousins
Charles Frankel
John Kenneth Galbraith
Rev. Donald Harrington
Murray Kempton
Max Lerner
Norman Podhoretz
James Reston
Arthur Schlesinger Jr.
James Wechsler
Tom Wicker

Gentlemen:

We disagree about many important things, and doubtless will continue to do so. Yet despite our differences, we share—surely this is so—certain large areas of agreement: a concern for the well-being of the nation, for civility and for rational discourse, for the assumption that there ought to be a positive relationship between a statement and the realm of ascertainable fact. We share, to put the matter in the most comprehensive way, a concern for sanity.

We would all agree, surely, that a manifest mental incompetent should not exercise the powers and responsibilities of high national office. Let there be no misunderstanding here: We do not mean for a moment that political disagreement with us, or any reasoned disagreement whatsoever, implies manifest mental incompetence. We mean the thing itself, open for all to see. There comes a point when a man, whatever his past merits and services, ought to step down. A President can become thus incapacitated; should he continue in office, it would be a tragedy for the country, and for the man himself. The same is true of a Supreme Court Justice.

Justice William O. Douglas has just published a short book, *Points of Rebellion*, which on any disinterested view mentally disqualifies him for the office he holds.

The United States, according to Justice Douglas, is a "paranoid" country which has been ruled by a "military regime" having its origin in the Administration of President Harry S. Truman. Our two national political parties are now indistinguishable, and each is controlled by the Establishment. The entire system is viciously repressive, reminiscent even of Hitler. Evidence? Well, "A person may be convicted of publishing a book if the highest Court, in time, decides that the book has no 'socially redeeming value.' " Our institutions have been universally

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corrupted: "Our colleges and universities reflect primarily the interests of the Establishment and the status quo."

Ponder this last point. Does it have any relationship to reality at all? Is it not true, for example—and for better or worse—that university opinion has been overwhelmingly against the Vietnam war? That the universities have often denied even a hearing to representatives of the Establishment?

The point at issue here is not one of political opinion. It is, as it is throughout Justice Douglas' book, a question of the author's ability to perceive reality itself.

"We must realize that today's Establishment is the new George III. Whether it will continue to adhere to his tactics, we do not know. If it does, the redress, honored in tradition, is also revolution." So writes a Justice of the Supreme Court. Do these words mean anything at all? Precisely what "tactics" of George III have their counterparts now? The Stamp Act? The closing of the port of Boston? The quartering of troops? It is possible to oppose many of the policies of the contemporary U.S. Government. We ourselves do so. But why George III? Justice Douglas' grip on historical reality is as precarious as his grip on the reality around him.

Justice Douglas is clearly not qualified to retain his post on the Court. We are certain that you will agree, if you read *Points of Rebellion*; and since this is so important a matter, we are confident that you will read it immediately, if you have not already done so. We hope you will be heard from soon.

Sincerely yours,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
James Burnham
Frank S. Meyer
Jeffrey Hart
Editors of NATIONAL REVIEW

Will the Senator Yield?

The Kremlin has now joined the congressional debate over extension of the ABM system ("Sentinel"), and seems to be getting all the privileges of the Senate floor. And—can you believe it?—the gentleman from Moscow has declared himself against the ABM—*against* the American ABM, that is; naturally, the Soviet ABM is something else again, and progressing very nicely, thank you. If politics were rational, or even one-third rational, you would think that would be enough to assure a 100 per cent vote in both houses of the U.S. Congress in favor of Sentinel, with a rider calling on the Administration to proceed a lot faster than it has proposed. But, well, but there evidently really are grown-up members of the Congress who believe that the Soviet leaders are generous, kind-hearted folk who want only to help *us* with the best of advice for *our* benefit and interest.

Let's write a short scenario. American troops begin withdrawal from Western Europe. West European nations can't bring themselves to raise adequate forces to replace them. NATO's current strategy of "flexible response" to any Soviet move against Western Europe loses credibility, and NATO is compelled to fall back on earlier strategy of "massive retaliation." The U.S. has not built up an ABM system defending ICBM sites and key cities. The Soviet Union has ample ICBMs (and an ABM system). Thus, as Charles de Gaulle pointed out, "massive retaliation" from the U.S. in defense of Western Europe loses *its* credibility: An American President would not sacrifice San Francisco, New York, Chicago . . . for the sake of Hamburg, Milan and Paris. So that: Soviet power dominates Western Europe strategically, therefore, in due course, economically and politically. . . .

Take it from there, Senator Proxmire.

Laosization

Is General Giap outflanking our Commander in Chief? As 67,000 of Giap's North Vietnamese regulars, supported by thousands of Laotian Pathet Lao, move across the Plain of Jars and stand poised above the Mekong River, there is no ducking that question. Month after month over the past year, our military spokesmen in South Vietnam have invariably coupled their reports of reduced fighting and casualties with warnings that enemy infiltration and buildup might foreshadow a new offensive, a new Tet, in this or that South Vietnamese sector. The offensive has come: in Laos. It has not been stopped or even much slowed by General Vang Pao's Laotian troops and Meo irregulars equipped, trained and some say led by our people or the heavy bombing raids by our aircraft. And Gen. Giap's forces have three months of good fighting weather ahead in Laos before the rains begin.

The Democrats in Congress, whose interest in Southeast Asia is strictly subordinate to their hopes for the November election, leapt gleefully at the publicity given to U.S. involvement in the Laotian events, claiming it proved the President a liar in promising no further ground combat operations in Asia. The President's carefully phrased denial that American troops had been so engaged was somewhat disingenuous in its disregard of the role of Americans attached under nominal CIA or civilian ratings to Laotian ground units, though it is apparently true that there has been no ground fighting by Americans on any substantial scale. The exact truth of this matter, however, is of secondary importance apart from political sloganeering.

A "new Vietnam" would sink the President and his party, the Democrats figure, and they are therefore out to find one. In strategic reality, however, Laos is not and cannot become a new Vietnam, because Laos is the same old Vietnam we have had so long with us; more fully expressed, Laos and Cambodia and both Vietnams are all segments of the same Indochinese theater that has been continuously fought over for thirty years. This is how the Japanese understood things, and the French and

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the Indochinese Communists—and Gen. William S. Donovan, wartime OSS chief, showed his understanding when in 1950 he proposed that President Truman define a Southeast Asia theater under a commander with combined military and political responsibility. The concept of this strategic unity was hinted at by Mr. Nixon when he mentioned briefly on one occasion that South Vietnam's security required withdrawal of North Vietnamese troops from Cambodia and Laos as well as from South Vietnam itself, but it did not enter into the words or the logic of the Nov. 3 speech in which he declared his Vietnam policy.

The avowed objective of the President's policy is to assure the South Vietnamese a regime of their own choosing (i.e., free of Communist conquest) by building up South Vietnamese strength ("Vietnamization") while simultaneously withdrawing U.S. combat forces. But the success of this policy depends essentially on the willingness of the North Vietnamese to go along with it, at least to the extent of refraining from quantum escalation: massive rocket attacks on South Vietnamese cities, major DMZ fighting, major infiltration of new military units, etc. The present North Vietnamese campaign in Laos is, strategically considered, precisely a quantum escalation of the war that is also being fought in South Vietnam; it is the same war. It is not only Laos that is now being threatened by the North Vietnamese-Pathet Lao advance. It is also South Vietnam and Mr. Nixon's South Vietnamese policy. Hanoi's strategic move in Laos, if successfully pursued much further, will wreck Mr. Nixon's strategy in Vietnam. With the Communists in effective control of most of Laos and occupying bases in Cambodia, South Vietnam cannot be secure no matter how well the Vietnamization program might do. Mr. Nixon's policy will be reduced to, merely, the withdrawal. This dismal result may from the very beginning have been determined by the frame within which Presidents Kennedy and Johnson as well as Nixon have placed our Vietnam action: We have sought to thwart the purpose of an enemy, to bend him to our will, without defeating him.

Mr. Nixon has been lucky as well as very skilful so far. He may now be nearing the first great crisis of his Presidency—his Bay of Pigs.

Can He Return to Harvard?

Daniel P. Moynihan is said to be a liberal, but there are strong indications that he is about to be defrocked. In a recent memorandum to President Nixon, supposedly confidential, but, apparently, leaked by one of Moynihan's colleagues, he argued that American Negroes have made "extraordinary progress" during the past decade: Family income is up, professional and technical jobholders have doubled in number. "We may need," he wickedly suggested, "a period in which Negro progress continues and racial rhetoric fades," and to describe such a period he hit upon a phrase of great elegance: It should, he said, be one of "benign neglect."

Then the roof fell in. Twenty-one civil rights spokesmen denounced the memo as "shameful." The *Times*, rolling out its long-bore weapon, lobbed in an eleven-inch editorial condemning Moynihan. The liberal media laid down a nationwide rolling barrage.

Moynihan's crime was multiple. First, he seemed to be undercutting an absolutely indispensable myth: the continuing intolerable oppression of American Negroes by whites. Liberals deeply need and so desperately protect these melodramas, and it is essential that the melodrama consist of the sharpest possible contrasts: innocent sufferer, heinous and unrelenting oppressor. Such melodramas give shape and meaning to the liberal's experience; they are as vital as the central myth of any religion; and they are capable, like any myth, of subtle and gorgeous complications, as in the corollary doctrine of "implied suffering," according to which the very violence of a supposed victim, even his downright hatefulness, is to be taken as an index of his suffering: the worse his behavior, the higher his moral credentials. "Ah, the poor Panthers! What suffering they *must* have undergone. Otherwise they'd be decent fellows like the rest of us." Benign neglect indeed. Take away these myths and melodramas and the liberal's life would lose all point and savor.

To Air is Human; To Neglect, Benign

The time may have come when the issue of race could benefit from a period of "benign neglect" . . .
—Daniel P. Moynihan

. . . not to mention such other issues, problems, crises, people, organizations, phenomena and epiphenomena as Rising Expectations, Soaring Prices, Spiraling Inflation, Mounting Opposition, Growing Indifference and Escalating Conflicts; Declining Morals, Plunging Hemlines, Flagging Spirits, Sagging Markets and Slipping Curves; Poverty amid Affluence amid Scarcity amid Abundance; Black Studies, Black Masses, Black Moods, Brown Studies, White Backlashes, Grey Areas; all Tinderboxes, Powderkegs, Time-Bombs, Brinks and Abysses; underground films, newspapers and nuclear tests; Whooping

Tell Me Why

Tell me why the stocks decline;
Tell me why your welfare's mine;
Tell me why the pound is through,
And I will tell you just why I.O.U.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Cranes, Florida Alligators, Anopheles Mosquitoes and Black Panthers; the Fort Hood Three, Boston Five, Chicago Seven and Mudville Nine; the Population, Knowledge, Crime, Credit and Crisis Explosions; the Generation, Information, Missile, Credibility and Vitamin Gaps; Black, Red, White, Yellow, Brown, Gay, Sister, Flower and Overweening Power; acid indigestion, Hong Kong flu, kwashiorkor, acne, fits, psoriasis, phthisis and the vapors; New Jersey; all reports of all national commissions; all Appeals to the Conscience of Mankind; all Last Best Hopes and First Great Breakthroughs; the Flight to the Suburbs, the Rush to Judgment and the Race to Oblivion; Bishop Pike's, Paul McCartney's and Sam Houston Johnson's ghosts; CIA, DDT, CIO, FAO, WHO, OEO, HEW, AID, PhD, SDS, RYM, OPC, HHH, LBJ, KKK, EMK, LSD, GNP, DPL; Eugene and Mary McCarthy, Henry and all the little Fondas, Susan Gloria Steinem-Sontag, The Smothers Brothers, The Andrews Sisters, the Indians; moratoria, marches, fasts, vigils and class actions; Inescapable Challenges, Forthright Statements, Frank Appraisals, Bold Departures and Fresh Approaches; nudity, alienation, anomie, overkill, underbellies, pork bellies, belly-dancers and Daniel P. Moynihan.

Evenhandedness at Home

The deplorable attack by white extremists against school buses carrying Negro children in Lamar, S.C. was a distasteful echo of the days when mob violence and intimidation in this country were not the monopoly, as recently they have seemed to be, of the revolutionary Left. The national outrage following the Lamar episode was appropriate to the severity of the offense against decency, and it was proper that the media should unequivocally condemn the offenders for their crime and urge swift punitive action by the courts.

Nevertheless, the harshness of the response, fitting as it is, points up by contrast the forbearance we had come to expect from the media in these matters. This time, when the mob was white and reactionary—model Bad Guy—the liberal press took sharp issue with those few who ventured to argue that the Lamar mob was understandably provoked by the arbitrary and disruptive decrees of the federal courts. Said the *New York Times* of such attempts to excuse, "The theme was an old one in the South's troubled history: Condemn the act but condone the motives." But how often has the liberal press disputed similar "root-cause" apologists—one thinks of the vaunted Kerner Commission—who excuse urban riots as inevitable reactions to white racism and attribute violent campus disorders to frustration over the Vietnam war? When the affront to public morality is white extremists in South Carolina, the media can perform admirably as the public conscience, but they become less eloquent when the offenders are Rap Browns, Mark Rudds and Abbie Hoffmans.

The *Times* went on to note that "moderates" were "encouraged" by the conduct of the South Carolina Attorney General's office, which swiftly filed charges against thirty white men, and of the U.S. Justice Department, which "is conducting an investigation to see if conspiracy was indeed a factor" in the attack. Well, moderates should indeed be encouraged, just as they should have been when the Justice Department moved against the provocateurs in Chicago. If the liberal media were consistent in their reactions, they would now be denouncing the unconstitutionality of the government's proceedings in this Lamar case and would be giving sympathetic play to the "Lamar Thirty."

Coincidences

Strange how these coincidences crop up, isn't it? Take the case of Chicago Seven defense attorney William Kunstler, for instance. As he so vehemently argued during the trial, his clients just happened to be in Chicago at the same time violence broke out. Conspiracy? Pooh. Just coincidence. Things happen, that's all. And Kunstler's progress during the week following the sentencing of his clients proves it.

First, Evanston, Illinois, where after a Kunstler talk, Northwestern University students and other high-spirited lovers of peace went on a rampage through the town.

Next, on to New York to talk to New Leftists in Bryant Park. Again, the audience for no apparent reason set out on a window-smashing spree.

Then down to Washington. And believe it or not, the same thing happened. "There isn't anything that's going to change anything in this country unless the people are in the streets," said Kunstler. By sheer coincidence, a few hours later lots of people were indeed in the streets.

Finally, the grand finale at Santa Barbara. Kunstler spoke again and the coincidental battle raged for three days until the National Guard was sent to put down the rioters. The biggest uprising of the year, complete with the burning to the ground of a quarter-million dollar Bank of America building.

Ronald Reagan, who doesn't understand these things, has ordered an investigation into Kunstler's role in the riots. Poor Governor Reagan. Hasn't heard about coincidences. Next he'll start believing in conspiracies.

Snatch Diplomacy

Like the hijackers, Latin American guerrillas appear to have hit on a fail-safe solution to their problems with the police. Kidnap an important person, preferably an American diplomat, and threaten to kill him unless so many of the comrades are immediately released from durance vile. It happened to an American ambassador in Brazil six months or so ago, and it has happened twice in Guatemala in the last fortnight. The victim in the

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latest kidnap was the U.S. second secretary, Sean Holley, who was ambushed in the streets of Guatemala City and held for almost two days before being released, unharmed, in exchange for the release by the government of four political prisoners. It's sort of a game of snatch-snatch, who's got the diplomat?

No one has gotten hurt yet this year, but in Guatemala someone will, because the revolutionary forces there know that time is running out for them. In just four months, on July 1, Colonel Carlos Araña Osorio will in all probability take over as president (he ran first in the recent election, but he must still be confirmed by the Congress since he failed to win a majority of the votes) and he's got to stay alive until inauguration day. The various leftist (Communist and Trotskyist) guerrilla groups know Colonel Araña only too well. It was he who, in a bloody campaign in 1967 and 1968, wiped out the guerrilla bands operating in the Sierra de las Minas mountains, driving them back into the cities where they have since carried on the same campaigns of terror and assassination that have kept Guatemala in varying degrees of turmoil for almost two decades.

It was in 1954 that President Jacobo Guzman Arbenz, a Communist-oriented leader, was driven into exile shortly after unveiling a radical land reform program. His successor, Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, was assassinated and from that time to this, Guatemala has been plagued with three or more separate left-wing guerrilla forces under arms.

In the recent election the guerrillas supported Colonel Araña, against the government candidate, Maria Fuentes Pierruccini, who was expected to win because, they reasoned, the centrist Fuentes might be acceptable to the nation, but an Araña victory would be unacceptable and would mean a revolution which they expect to win.

It has now come to that and the prospects are for mounting terror, gunnings-down, kidnapings and murders as they attempt to overthrow the government before Colonel Araña, a man as ruthless as they are, takes over. The battle, they both know, has been joined. Under these circumstances Sean Holley is lucky to be alive.

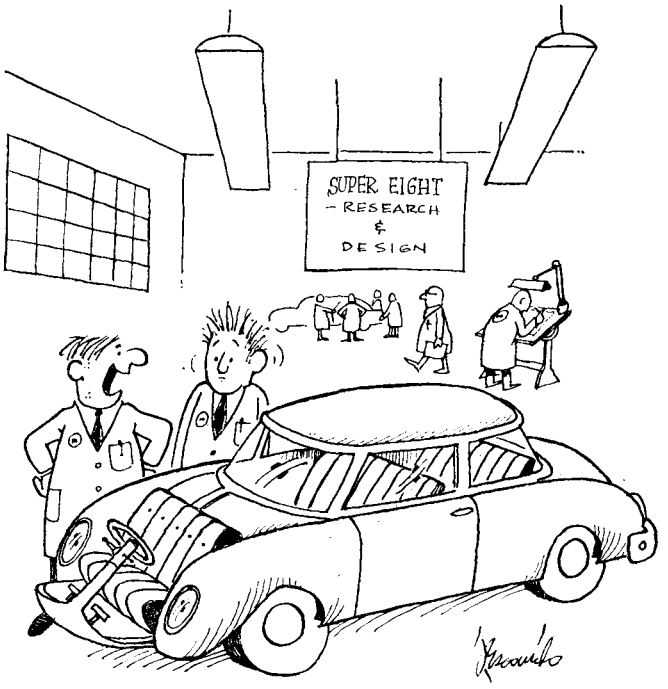
Cui Bono?

Who, one must wonder, will benefit from the Administration's decision to close out the consular office in Rhodesia? Not the two thousand American citizens who live and work in Rhodesia and will now be left without any representative of their country to turn to for advice or help. Not the black Rhodesians, certainly. The departure will probably not make much difference one way or another inside Rhodesia, but if it should be a harbinger of stricter sanctions, any damage to the Rhodesian economy would inevitably fall most heavily on the blacks; if it became (as it might) part of a process that in the end meant racial war in Rhodesia—perhaps southern Africa more generally—blacks as well as whites will die. Not even Mr. Nixon himself is likely to benefit. Surely he doesn't delude himself that he is going to get support from our own black citizens and rabid liberals because he makes a gesture against racism in southern Africa. Not American industry, which will continue to be prohibited from access to the world's primary and highest grade source of the essential metal, chrome, and in general from supplies and a market of modest but solid potential.

Not American security: No one dreams that the black African governments, which may applaud the gesture smugly and briefly, will be turned into allies.

No, there seem to be only two beneficiaries, so that it must be presumed that their interest was the motive for the decision. The withdrawal is a very welcome boost to Harold Wilson and the British Labor Party, one that will serve them well in countering Conservative criticism of their Rhodesian policy in the forthcoming election campaign. It may thus be understood as one more installment payment we have made for Britain's toleration of our Vietnam policy. And second, it may help, or at any rate be thought to help, the situation of the great mining companies, owned mostly by U.S. principals, that operate in Zambia and the Congo (Kinshasa), neighbors to Rhodesia. The two big companies in Zambia were half-nationalized last year, and Zambian President Kaunda may have suggested to his recent visitor, Secretary of State Rogers, that withdrawal from Salisbury might postpone takeover of the remaining half.

The State Department announcement declared that the U.S. "has regarded and continues to regard the United Kingdom"—which has had not the slightest authority in Rhodesia since shortly after UDI and is now, by Rhodesia's proclamation of a republic, without even a verbal



"Well, you've got to admit, it's one way to promote safe driving!"

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link—"as the lawful sovereign." The Alice-in-Wonderland atmosphere of such empty phrases was further enhanced by the explanation that the measure was taken because the policy of the Smith government precludes "majority rule." If we close our diplomatic offices in all countries lacking majority rule, the State Department budget will be wonderfully reduced.

Shame, Past and Present

This month and next mark the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Katyn Forest Massacre—the Soviets' cold-blooded murder of fifteen thousand POW Polish officers captured in the Communist rape of Poland in September 1939. The mass graves were discovered near Katyn, USSR by invading German armies and reported to the International Red Cross. Later efforts by the Soviets to blame the Nazis for the crime were found to be false in several exhaustive investigations including one by Congress.

The 4,243 bodies found had all been POWs at the Soviet detention camp at Kozielsk; the bodies of eleven thousand others held at Starobielsk and Ostashkow were found, although it is known that some of the Poles were disposed of by putting them on barges on the White Sea which where shelled and sunk. Mr. Julius Epstein of the Hoover Institution, who took part in the investigations, suggests that the U.S. mourn the Katyn infamy by erecting, as a gift to the Polish people, a monument to the murdered officers; by an exhibition of Katyn documents and artifacts; and by the issuance of a postage stamp. Let us, at least, put aside détente long enough to remember.

Notes & Asides

The City University of New York
March 2, 1970

Dear Bill:

I do not see the *National Enquirer* or NATIONAL REVIEW or whatever it is called; but I understand that you ran your silly letter of January 15 to me in your issue of February 10. I gather also that in neither this nor the succeeding issue did you run my reply of January 30, though it had obviously been in your hands in plenty of time. In a better world I might have hoped that you would have had the elementary fairness, or guts, to provide equal time; but, alas, wrong again.

Sincerely yours,
Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

March 12, 1970

Dear Arthur:

I should have thought you would be used to being wrong. But to business. . . . Now, suppose I had begun this letter, "Dear Arthur, or Dear Barfer, or whatever you call yourself"? Would I do that? No; and not merely because it's childish, but because it isn't *funny*. The reason I did not publish your reply to my original letter is that I thought it embarrassingly feeble and it did not come to me with your permission to publish it. But, of course, now that you have relieved me of responsibility, I shall proceed to release it [see below].

One night, two or three years ago, you leaned over to me during a television broadcast when Lyndon Johnson was speaking about conservation, and whispered, "Better redwoods than deadwoods." I granted you, on the strength of that, a plenary indulgence. But that crack must have worked hell on your batteries, and it is obviously going to take a few years before they are capable of another successful discharge. Meanwhile I beg you, visit not your wit on me. Manifestly, it hurts you more than it hurts me.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

[Mr. Schlesinger's reply to WFB's letter in *NR* Feb. 10]

Dear Bill:

Can it be that you are getting a little tetchy in your declining years? Nothing would give me greater pleasure that debating you on neutral ground; you are quite right in detecting my feeling that such public exchanges would diminish rather than decrease your influence. But is it really *lèse majesté* to suggest that I am under no obligation to promote your program? As for others, let them make their own decision. Don't tell me that you have stopped believing in freedom of individual choice!

You remind me of my other favorite correspondent, Noam Chomsky.

Best regards,
Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

Margaret Mead Goes to Pot

I "grew up" in New Guinea
With Dr. Margaret Mead.
I must admit I blushed a bit
About this island breed.
With Margaret in Samoa
I "came of age" there, too.
(I think I thought the natives ought
To rate more acts taboo.)
Now Margaret, pushing eighty,
Is also pushing pot.
She favors grass for kids in class.
I think she should be shot.

W. H. VON DREELE

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JAMES BURNHAM

CASE OF THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS: II

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

A fortnight ago I reported the trial in Warsaw of five Polish graduate students for "hostile and harmful activity against Poland," "crimes against the good name and the interests of Poland and of socialism," and "work of diversion" as agents of the magazine *Kultura* and its editor, Jerzy Giedroyc, "financed by Radio Free Europe and CIA" with an assist from "international Zionism." I explained that the defendants were among the young Poles who, sharing the ideas and hopes of the Czech "Spring," had spread those ideas in Poland and traveled between Poland and Czechoslovakia to carry the news of what was happening in each nation to the youth of the other.

The trial of the five ended, it goes without saying, with verdicts of guilty and prison sentences. "The verdict confirms," commented *Le Monde* (Paris), "that it was in truth M. Giedroyc, editor of *Kultura*, who was being tried through stand-ins. This is why the Polish authorities sought the maximum possible publicity for the trial throughout the West and especially in France. They want the French government to clamp down on *Kultura*'s activities."

Throughout the trial the European press, both East and West, continued the extensive coverage that I mentioned. The leading papers of Prague, Sofia, East Berlin, Bratislava and Belgrade daily featured reports, as did Moscow's *Izvestia* and *Pravda*. Aleksander Tarnawski, chief commentator of Radio Warsaw, covered each day of the trial in his regular evening broadcasts. He invariably centered his attack on *Kultura*, "one of the links in the system of psychological warfare directed against the socialist camp." *France-Soir* (Paris), describing the trial as "unprecedented . . . involving all the major problems of Communism," stressed the multiple geographic aspect, with five nations directly concerned: Poland, Czechoslovakia ("the main focus of the affair"), France (because of *Kultura*'s location and because two of the defendants had lived and studied in Paris), Israel ("the roots stretch all the way to Tel Aviv," as the Polish press put it) and Yugoslavia (where, according to the indictment, defendant Kozlowski, in conjunction with *Kultura*, wanted to establish a radio station). I was amused to find that the brochure published by the Polish propaganda agency entered my own name in the record, as organizer on behalf of Wall Street imperialism of the notorious Berlin Congress for Cultural Freedom and co-conspirator of *Kultura*.

Dialectic of Repression

Paris Presse draws one of the significant conclusions: "Warsaw and Prague, Tel Aviv, Belgrade, Paris. . . . It takes a big circle to contain all the fears of the Polish authorities. Everyone realizes that in spite of 'normalization' in Czechoslovakia and the disciplining of the universities in Poland, liberalism is not dead in those countries. This Warsaw trial and the one (still more serious) that will no doubt be held soon in Prague serve only to confirm this."

The *London Times* and *Le Soir* (Brussels) go on to a subtler point: "With negotiations to improve relations with Western Europe under way, the Polish authorities no doubt fear an increase in the influence of radical . . . opinions from the West" (*Times*). "The dialectic so much appreciated in the Marxist camp is implacable: the more relations with the West expand, the more the danger of 'ideological diversion' increases, the heavier the censorship becomes, the more restricted all civil liberties" (*Le Soir*).

Three further observations:

1) These mountain climbers did not see themselves as "enemies of the state"; what they did was hardly enough to be classified as "dissidence" in this country. "The defendants behaved very courageously," remarks the *Times*. "They accepted most of the charges but refused to regard their acts as criminal." Nevertheless the totalitarian Communist state defined and punished their conduct as crime. Communism can exist only while the Party has a monopoly of organized political power. It cannot permit the smallest degree of political dissidence, above all if shared by numbers of persons, because dissidence would inevitably lead to opposition. "Born into socialism," declared defendant Szymborski, "we accept its ideals, but the impossibility of entering into a dialogue with the Power forced us into opposition."

How Much from Little

2) Dissidence, however, continues within the satellite nations. Whether or not Tibor Szamuely (*NR*, March 10) is right about the stabilization of the Soviet regime, the satellite regimes have not been fully stabilized, even after 25 years. No matter how much indoctrination, terror, purging, bribes, imprisonment, repression and whatever are tried, the dissent keeps cropping up and periodically erupts in mass displays. Everyone believed that after Hungary-1956 there could not be another mass action. But then there was Czechoslovakia-1968.

3) The role of *Kultura* in the Trial of the Mountain Climbers proves what an astonishingly powerful effect a small group of dedicated, intelligent and able persons can produce with a minimum of money. There could be this incommensurate result, of course, only because the potential is already present, waiting for catalysts. Who could predict what might happen if the resources brought into play were raised, to, say, a hundredth of those spent on seeking friendlier relations with the Communist regimes that jail young mountain climbers? □

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LET'S HEX THE PX

Is the Army a Welfare State?

ROBERT ALTMEYER

THROUGHOUT the training of an Army officer, emphasis is placed on understanding the conflict between freedom and Communism. The young West Point cadet, ROTC student or OCS candidate is given short indoctrination lectures on the difference between the two systems—lectures which vary in intensity, coherence and clarity depending on the current attitude in Washington toward the Communist empire. At times of bridge-building and easing of East-West tensions, the lectures become noticeably shorter and more vague, but even at their worst, these classes manage to impart the idea that our enemy lives under a system that is based on collectivism. After learning this, the young officer spends several years in the most socialistic organization in America—the U.S. Army.

The result is that the officer (or, for that matter, the enlisted man) and his family become conditioned to economic irresponsibility and abject dependence, while the Army, an organization dedicated to the defense of the American system, becomes hopelessly and expensively entangled in the bureaucratic web of a welfare state. It is true that the Army has a mission to which some of the independence and individualism of its members must be sacrificed. But that discipline need only affect on-duty activity, not the soldier's home life.

The professional soldier is a skilled worker and the officer a responsible executive, who sells his labor and risks his life in an honorable occupation, for which he receives much personal satisfaction, some security and very little money. The excuse given for the penurious salary has always been that the serviceman is given various allowances and financial benefits (known as "bennies"). Among these are quarters allowances, free medical care, use of the Post Exchange and commissaries, housing and the use of inexpensive post facilities such as gas stations and movie theaters. These "bennies," like other barbiturates, lull the soldier into a feeling of security at the expense of his own responsibility, the competition basic to free enterprise, and the taxpayer's purse.

First, consider the commissary, PX and similar facilities—perfect examples of the failure of socialism. The Department of Defense pays civilians high wages that, because of their incompetence, laziness and surliness, they would be unable to earn in the free market. In theory, the soldier pays less. Actually, discount stores in nearby communities, operating under the laws of supply and demand, sell most items at equal or lower prices, but still the government remains in the business.

Free medical care. It is an unfunny joke that few genuinely sick soldiers get prompt or decent care at Army hospitals, because of the swarms of malingerers that infest these places. Worse, the doctors' offices are filled with dependent wives and children. The occasional soldier who has a specific medical complaint must sit in a waiting room filled with gossiping women whose children are raising hell. The competent doctors, tired of being baby-sitters, resign from the Army as quickly as they can.

Of the greatest importance to a married man is his home. The lower-ranking enlisted men must, for valid reasons of discipline, live in barracks. But when a man rises to sergeant major, he expects decent housing. Instead, the Army insists that he and his family live in government housing, "little boxes on a hillside" unimaginatively and poorly built at great cost to the Army. Officers are discouraged from patronizing local real-estate dealers, to keep the government housing filled.

Then there are the American bases in Europe. In Germany, for example, one of the greatest benefits of Army life—the chance to learn about a foreign country—is effectively nullified by the "little Americas," complete with entertainment areas, teen clubs and second-rate schools, which justify the European belief that Americans are uncultured, insular and herd-bound. The aesthetic damage to the children alone is so depressing that many officers and enlisted men in Germany send their children to foreign schools, and live off the post, with or without quarters allowance.

Several steps could be taken to straighten out this mess. 1) The Army should refuse to recognize or subsidize a soldier's family. (Many foreign armies do this with good results.) 2) All government-run businesses and government-enforced monopolies should be eliminated. In the few remaining relatively isolated posts, bids could be taken from private companies, or preferably, on-post competition encouraged. 3) Free medical care should be limited to combat zones and underdeveloped countries, or at least limited to soldiers in uniform. If the government believes servicemen are too irresponsible to provide for their dependents, civilian medical insurance could be required, as automobile insurance already is. 4) Military pay would have to be increased substantially, but the pay raise would be a fraction of what is now wasted on featherbedding, duplication of effort and inefficiency.

If these reforms were enacted, individual responsibility would be encouraged, volunteers would be attracted by the higher pay and greater freedom (thus making easier the abolition of the draft). The military would be free to get on with the business of defending our country, and the over-burdened taxpayer would not have to pay for one of the most wasteful welfare states in the world. □

Pie in the Sty

The Church is cashing in its chips
For a heap of dung and dole
Called *relevance*. The Word is out:
Cram their bellies, rock and roll.

Atheist Priest

Theopompous claims that God is dead—
His congregation's comforted.

Laurette

Remove the laurel from my brow.
McCarthy is a poet now.

—RICHARD O'CONNELL

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Vietnamization

For Americans, the word has a comforting sound – it means Them fighting, instead of Us. For the South Vietnamese soldier, it's a little different. From the beginning, the South Vietnamese Army has suffered from high rates of absenteeism and desertion – largely because of soldiers' anxiety about their own families and hamlets. With "Vietnamization" has come a new stress on special forces recruited from the local population on a part-time, emergency basis: rather on the order of a volunteer fire department in a small American town. In these remarkable pictures is the story of one mission by a unit of such soldiers.

A report has come in of enemy activity on a nearby hillside. American helicopters take the soldiers there.

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From the clearing where the copter lands, the men move out into the jungle.

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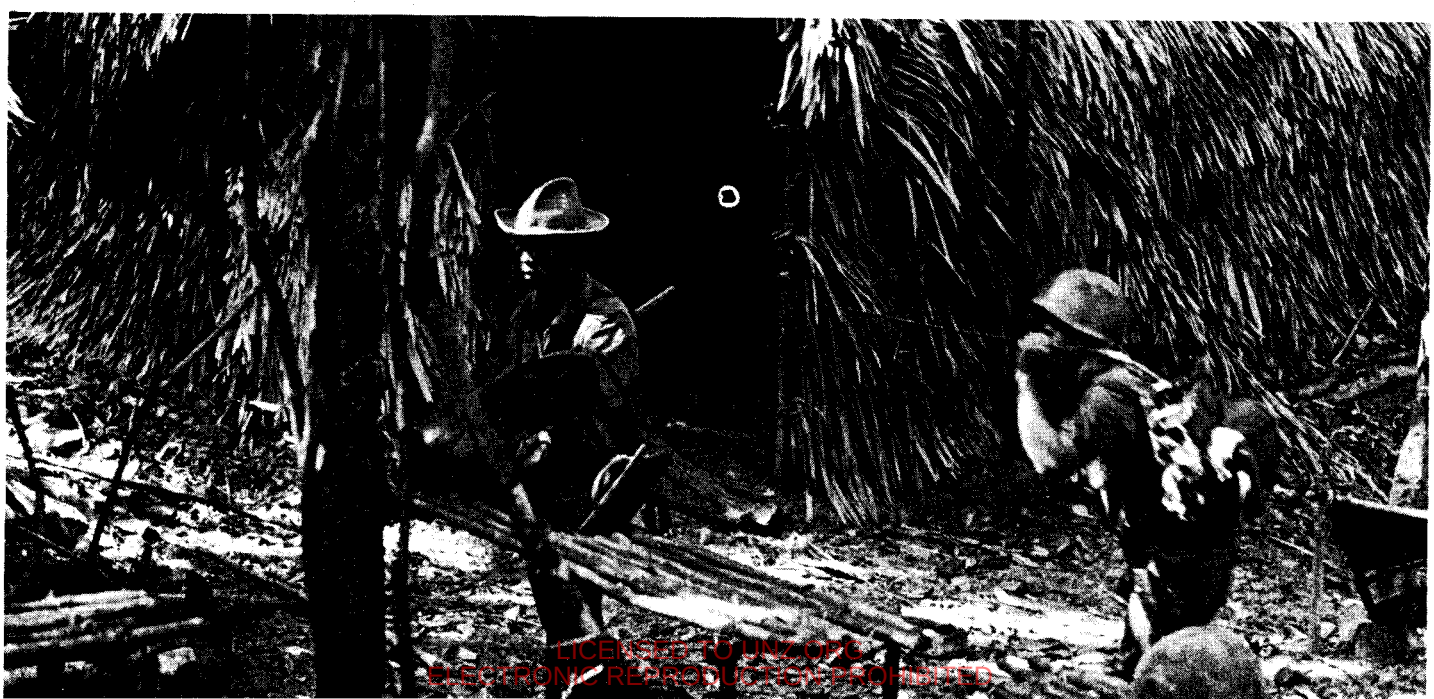
Somebody has to protect the rear; everybody gets wet feet.

Just before the strike, the company commander and American advisers check the map.

The strike—there may or may not be Vietcong in the huts.



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A machine gun makes a handy (if expensive) tool for cutting through the jungle.

The unit reports back by radio: The enemy has fled.

Throughout the operation, the copter has stayed close . . .

. . . now it takes the soldiers back to their village.

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LETTER FROM BERKELEY

It's Still There— But Maybe Not Much Longer

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

EVERY three of four months I go back to Berkeley. I'm never quite sure why. Probably for the obvious reasons—to pump the thin grey crud that passes for air in New York out of my lungs and to try to store up enough California ozone to get me through a few weeks back East; to feel the sun on my skin, unfiltered by exhaust; to look at the Bay and smell incredible semitropical plants that flower year 'round; to walk along wide streets where drivers smile and stop so that you can cross safely; to forget about the nervous, animal hours on the Penn Central. To be human again for a few days before returning to New York.

A splendid place, impossible to describe convincingly to anyone who's come to accept as the national norm the grime and squalor and incivility of the big cities of the Northeast. Perhaps that's why the Berkeley New Left so incenses me. They belong in the teeming megalopolitan East, if anywhere, not here in Berkeley, where they and their enormities appear all the more offensive by contrast with the background. The place is simply too good for them to be fighting their dirty little revolution in.

I love Berkeley visits, but they're always marred. Every time I go out, inevitably the New Left decides to riot. The last one was especially bad, a scaled-down Chicago. In Chicago in '68 they left the campuses and found they could immobilize a whole city as effectively as they'd closed down universities, and things have never been quite the same since. After last year's People's Park riots, when the city of Berkeley was hit as hard as the campus, one radical claimed that Chicago and the People's Park uprising were "previews of the riots of the Seventies." The attacks this February on Santa Barbara and Berkeley bear out the prophecy. Both were violent attacks. And both, unlike most of last year's riots, were aimed at university cities rather than the universities themselves. In both cases, the campuses were left relatively untouched.

The Kunstler-inspired rampage at Santa Barbara (the university branch there is called by many Californians "Beach Ball College") was more startling, but the Berkeley uprising was perhaps more significant. It terrorized the whole Berkeley community, and it brought on a startling reaction which may be a preview of the reactions of the Seventies.

Everyone had more or less expected it. On February 16, radicals and street people gathered in "Provo Park" for a Chicago Seven sympathy rally. They burned effigies of Judge Julius Hoffman and, as one militant tells it: "Somebody hoisted a burning garbage can to the top of the flagpole. It captured the feelings of everybody about our Amerika [sic], what it meant, what it is, and what's in store for it in the future."

The mob screamed and chanted and then stampeded, 1,500 of them spilling onto Shattuck Avenue, downtown Berkeley's major business street, heaving rocks, bricks and bottles, beating people in their path, smashing windows with clubs. It lasted for two hours, covered 22 blocks. A Safeway market was looted (a memorable moment came when black Safeway clerks counter-attacked and, although outnumbered 100 to 1, drove the looters off) and the windows of all Berkeley's large banks were smashed in. Even more seriously damaged were the small businesses—bookstores, barber shops, a candy store, a violin shop, a one-man private press, even a small home for old people. Many of these businesses have been forced to close down—the proprietors are hardly charter members of the military-industrial complex.

"It's the best riot we've ever had," cooed one coed from the University's Center for Participant Education (the same outfit that gave us Professor Cleaver). But non-academic Berkeleyites disagreed, and in tones they've never before used. Liberal doveish Mayor Wallace Johnson said: "We can no longer continue [to tolerate] dissidents who insist on destroying society." "This was a large-scale *Lord of the Flies*," added liberal City Manager William Hanley. "Our two hundred policemen can't provide security in the face of this kind of depraved, psychopathic behavior." "For the past six years," said businessman Earl Cunha, summing up the feelings of most Berkeleyites, "a dangerous and anarchistic revolutionary minority has been doing its thing in Berkeley—22 days of curfew, twenty days of street fighting, over $2,750,000 in extra police costs, not to mention the terror struck into the hearts of old and young alike."

The reaction didn't stop with rhetoric. Petitions were circulated asking more rigid enforcement of existing laws which could, if properly implemented, effectively contain the radicals; more official support for Berkeley's fine but demoralized police force ("I'm not sure I believe it," said one patrolman. "But if they really mean it, if they're really behind us, we can take anything the baboons dish out. With pleasure."); more official control over openly subversive and revolutionary groups; more sensible legal approaches to bail and sentencing. The petitions, in short, asked nothing more than that officials carry out their functions. And the response was astonishing. Over fifteen thousand citizens signed the petitions within a two-week period. Had they been circulated for another week, the number would have doubled.

AND SO IN BERKELEY, for the first time in half a decade, the silent majority stood up and spoke. Like so many others across the country, they are fed to the teeth with liberal abstractionists who have for so long managed to blame everyone but rioters for riots, and by so doing have encouraged bigger and better riots. Officials in Berkeley have been given their orders by the police who elect them; all they need is the will to carry them out. One hopes fervently that they will muster up that will. For in Berkeley, and perhaps in much of the rest of the country, we may be getting close to the last chance.

In another three or four months I'll be going back to Berkeley. I hope it's still there. □

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MONEY TALKS

Britain's "balance of payments" is A-OK, all of a sudden. Fine, says that country's favorite Tory— but what's a "balance of payments"? And was it really all that government meddling that put things right?

Did Harold Wilson Save the Pound?

J. ENOCH POWELL

BRITAIN's balance of payments has come right, and dramatically so, over the last year. What happened?

But first of all, which balance of payments? This is not only not a silly question, but an extremely pertinent and difficult one.

Strictly speaking, there never is, and never can be, either a deficit or a surplus in the balance of payments of any country. A country's accounts with the outside world are balanced by buying and selling its money for that of other countries—in the case of Britain, pounds sterling for other currencies. Now, the number of pounds bought is always exactly equal to the number of pounds sold, because these are just two aspects of one and the same transaction. So there never can be a surplus of pounds sold over pounds bought, or vice versa. This is true whatever the price, or rate of exchange. But there is also a particular rate at which the number of pounds *offered* is equal to the number of pounds *demanded*; and that is the rate at which a country's payments would balance if only its government and politicians followed Lord Melbourne's request: "Have the goodness, my dear sir, to leave things alone."

Notoriously, they don't leave things alone. Instead, they take it upon themselves to fix the rate instead of letting it fix itself. Quite inevitably, they get it wrong—either too high or too low, sometimes by a large margin, sometimes by a small one. This obliges them to go into the market themselves and either buy their own currency (if overvalued) or sell it (if undervalued), in order to force the rate up or down to the one which they have fixed. The deficit or surplus in the balance of payments during a given period is what it has cost the government to rig the exchange rate during that period. In the case of a deficit, the cost is measured by the fall in reserves of gold and other currencies, and the rise in debt and the amount of other currencies borrowed. In the case of a surplus, the measure is the rise in reserves of gold and other people's currencies, and the increase in the amount of one's own currency loaned to other countries.

This is the only rock-hard meaning in the idea of a surplus or deficit; but governments, having caused the mischief, refuse, as is their habit, to own up. They therefore try to construct an account of all the sales and purchases of their national currency, so that the rise or fall in reserves and indebtedness shall be the residual item at the end. Then they can turn round to their citizens and say: "There, you see; it's your fault. If you exported more, or imported less, or invested more at home and less abroad, and generally were not so depraved, there wouldn't have to be a residual item at all, our payments would balance, and we should be happy instead of being miserable."

The account looks like this:

1. balance of trade (value of exports *minus* imports)
   a) visible
   b) invisible
2. balance of long-term capital (investments received *minus* investments made)
3. balance of short-term capital
   a) private ("hot money")
   b) official (borrowing or lending to rig the rate)
4. rise or fall of reserves.

The real surplus or deficit is 3(b) and 4. The rest is just put there to make us feel ashamed of ourselves. What is more, 3(b) and 4 are the only hard facts: The rest is a conjectural account, compiled to try to make 3(b) and 4 look like residuals.

Thus, the trade and navigation returns (which record actual movements, not payments), the statistics of trade which are collected from business houses, and the records which are kept by the Bank of England of its control on capital movements, are all cooked up together to produce what looks like an account of the British balance of payments—but isn't. No wonder the two sums 1 + 2 + 3(a), and 3(b) + 4—seldom come anywhere near to matching: They belong to different worlds. But the account must be made

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to balance. So the gap is filled by a so-called "balancing item," with the appropriate plus or minus sign in front of it. In recent years the "balancing item" has varied between plus £176 million and minus £130 million—not much less than several of the deficits in the balance of payments itself.

Only now, having explained how bogus the whole thing is, am I prepared to put forward the figures of the United Kingdom's balance of payments in the last six years. The table starts with visible trade; then adds invisibles; then adds investment capital; then adds or subtracts the "balancing item." What you are left with at the end—though, as I have explained, it is really what you started with—is the balance of payments deficit or surplus itself:

	Visible trade	After adding invisible trade	After adding long-term capital	"balancing item"	true deficit or surplus
1964	−519	− 38	−744	− 13	−757
1965	−237	− 50	−252	+ 15	−237
1966	− 84	+ 64	− 48	− 80	−128
1967	−566	−283	−417	+176	−241
1968	−677	−265	−407	−130	−537
1969*	−204	+232	+225	not available	

*1st to 3rd quarters
(Numbers represent millions of pounds)

So the trading and capital account came right during 1969, and it has stayed right since. The question is: Why? We are now better equipped than we were a page back to give the answer. It is almost insultingly simple: "because the exchange rate came right"; or, more accurately speaking, "because during 1969 the exchange rate, instead of being too high, became too low." Two steps in this process took place in the open: one was the devaluation of the pound in November 1967, the other the revaluation of the German mark in September-October 1969, though we ought not to forget the devaluation of the French franc in August 1969. However, these are only the visible, convulsive jerks in an otherwise continuous process. What we know is that somewhere about the beginning of 1969, about fifteen months after devaluation of the pound, the demand for pounds at $2.40 or the equivalent "crossed the line" and began to exceed the supply.

The essential explanation is clearly devaluation itself. It is wildly improbable that, everything else being the same, the demand for pounds would be exceeding the supply today if the rate were $2.80 or the equivalent. Obviously, too, the revaluation of the mark, which was equivalent to a corresponding devaluation of the pound, must have helped. But surely other factors must have contributed, especially in view of the interval of time between devaluation and the break-even point. Are any of these factors attributable to the policies of the British government?

The demand for any currency is ultimately due, however indirectly, to someone's desire to buy something with it. Consequently the domestic purchasing power of a currency is a basic factor in its market price. However, since the buying lies in the future, immediate or remote, it is the prospective purchasing power which counts, rather than the current purchasing power. We look therefore to see if the rate of domestic inflation in the UK had any correlation with the fortunes of its balance of payments. The answer is a clear no. Here are the figures, in terms of the increase of the retail price index (1963 = 100):

1965	108.2
1966	112.4
1967	115.2
1968	120.6
1969	127.2

This simple fact disposes of the idea that the British government's adventures with guidelines and "prices and incomes policy" have been relevant, not to say successful. The sole point of such policies is to influence, beneficially, the rate of domestic inflation. From the end of 1964, when the government secured a "Declaration of Intent" from the employers and the unions, to the end of 1969, when the attempt to regulate prices and wages by statute was virtually abandoned, the positive effect was exactly nil. Indeed it might more plausibly be argued that the policy was counterproductive: Inflation accelerated, and was faster than during the previous period. Such a record was hardly encouraging for the future, that is, for prospective purchasing power. It is true that the students of money supply and its modern polite name, "domestic credit expansion," must have viewed with approval the spectacular turn-round in the British government's budget deficit to be met by borrowing (millions of pounds):

1965/6	504
1966/7	726
1967/8	1449
1968/9	− 287 (surplus)
1969/70*	−1041 (surplus)

(*budget estimate)

It would, however, be uncharacteristic of the market to be influenced so decisively by a theory of which no practical fruits have yet appeared.

No doubt the significant figures are not the rate of inflation in any one country, but the relative trends of inflation in all the countries whose domestic currencies enter into international supply and demand. Here, indeed, we seem to discover some of the forces at work: Britain's true exchange rate, the market price of sterling, genuinely benefited from adverse movements elsewhere, and the United States and Germany did much more for her than she did for herself:

Increase in domestic prices
(1963 = 100)

U.S.A.		Germany	
1965	103	1965	105.8
1966	106	1966	109.5
1967	109	1967	111.1
1968	113.6	1968	113.1
1969	119.7	1969	116.1

However much the governments and public of individual countries look inward, exchange rates are a matter of comparisons, not absolutes.

Having disposed of policies which professed to operate upon the balance of payments by restraining inflation, but did not do so, we are in a position to look at economic growth. The vogue of "growthmanship" has, unless I am mistaken, suffered a sharp reverse in the UK in the last year or two: but until as recently as that, its popularity

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was connected with the belief that a country with strong economic growth would have a "strong" balance of payments. This superstition was rationalized by the reasoning that, the stronger the growth rate, the lower (other things being equal) would be the costs per unit of output; but emotionally it was due to the prestige of the neighboring countries of the European Economic Community and to the temporary freedom of most of them from balance-of-payments trouble. For those who held this belief, which played no small part in the electoral success of the Labor Party in 1964 and 1966, it must be profoundly disconcerting to observe that there has been no relationship between the movements of Britain's growth rate and the improvement in her balance of payments:

Increase in gross domestic product
(per cent at constant 1963 prices)

1964	5.6	1967	1.4
1965	2.8	1968	3.5
1966	1.6	1969	2.0

So neither did Labor's National Plan for growth produce growth, nor did the inflation, which coincided with lower growth, damage the balance of payments. In fact, the behavior of an economy in real terms bears no necessary relationship to the movement of its currency in terms of other currencies. A stagnant economy can coexist with a "strong" balance of payments, and a dynamic one with a "weak" balance. The history of the last twenty years is littered with examples. It all depends, of course, on what you choose to do about the exchange rate.

Yet the superstitious belief in the profound economic and indeed moral significance of the exchange rate, and thus of the balance of payments, has had a deep and damaging effect on the morale of the British people during the last twenty years. Their governments have not been reluctant to teach them that the successive "crises on the balance of payments" were their well-deserved punishment for inefficiency, uncompetitiveness, labor unrest, failure to save or invest enough—any sin, in short, that was popular at the time—and to invite them to compare themselves disadvantageously with any foreign nation that came in handy—but, for preference, Germany or Japan. There was a political vested interest in this doctrine, especially for the Labor Party; for the recurrent deficits, which seemed to prove the ineradicable fecklessness of the governed, provided the government with ready-made arguments for more and more control and intervention.

Is it permissible to hope that the long reign of this indoctrination is coming to an end? The very suddenness of the reversal of Britain's balance of payments, and of the reversal in Germany's in the contrary direction, proves that the causes were not, as superstition would have it, deep-seated and inveterate. If the British were idle and unenterprising, their national character did not undergo a sea-change about the beginning of 1969. If the Germans were industrious and keen, they did not become dull and slothful over the weekend when the mark was floated. So the British people had nothing to be ashamed of, nor the Germans to be proud of—not, at any rate, so far as the balance of payments goes. That is a great point gained.

When it can further be demonstrated that not one of the methods by which governments purported to correct the balance of payments (other than adjusting the exchange rate—and that, they protested, was forced upon them, and they never meant it) either produced the professed effect or had anything to do with the recovery in the balance of payments, can springtime be far away? I mean the springtime of common sense, which treats the international price of a currency in the same way as any other price, as a simple but effective device for balancing supply and demand, and does not regard it as either the Koh-i-Noor in the Imperial Crown or one of the components of the Union Jack. □

The New Matt. 20

For the kingdom of heaven on earth is like a householder who went out early in the morning to hire laborers for his vineyard. And having agreed with the laborers for a denarius a day, he sent them into his vineyard. And about the third hour, he went out and saw others standing in the marketplace idle; and he said to them, "Go you also into the vineyard, and I will give you whatever is just."

So they went. And again he went out about the sixth, and about the ninth, hour, and did as before. But about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing, and he said to them, "Why do you stand here all day idle?" "Because no man has hired us." He said to them, "Go you also into the vineyard."

When evening had come, the owner of the vineyard said to his steward, "Call the laborers, and pay them their wages, beginning from the last even to the first." And when he had done so, there was a murmuring amongst those who had worked but a few hours, for they received much less than those who had worked a full day.

On the morrow the householder received a weary traveler from a far-off city.

"Peace be with you," the householder said, "What may I offer thee?"

"It has come to my attention," the traveler said, "that yesterday you hired laborers at varying times of the day, and at darkness had payed them according to the time they worked."

"Yea," said the householder, "verily, am I not free to do as I wish with what is mine?"

"Indeed," the traveler replied, "did you not consider the law of Caesar, that all must receive a minimum income for their employ?"

"I did not," answered the householder, "for I am not a rich man, and I can scarcely live on the small profit I now make."

"And did you not fail to withhold the imperial tax, or FICA, or SUI, as states the law of Caesar?"

"Alas, alas!" cried the householder, "I am but a small farmer, and I could not afford the employ of a scribe."

"I must inform you," said the traveler, "that you have violated the law of Caesar, and Caesar shall collect his due." And a cohort appeared and seized the fruits of the householder's vineyard and took them to the capital.

"Please have mercy!" begged the householder. "On what am I to live?"

The traveler gazed across the vineyard. "Verily," he asked, "have you considered *not* planting grapes?" □

—Michael J. Katin

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LETTER FROM TEL AVIV

Israel and the 'Credibility Gap'

ALISTAIR HORNE

IT HAS BEEN 22 years since I was last in Israel. Then, as a British soldier defending a corner of the Empire known as Palestine, I left to the accompaniment of Jewish terrorist explosions. This time the valedictory noises were Al Fatah hand-grenades in the Gaza Strip. *Plus ça change . . .*

Even though, in the abstract, one knows all about its remarkable achievements and qualities from the bottomless *Kitsch* that has been poured out on the subject, it is difficult to experience Israel today without a powerful sense of personal exhilaration. One is compelled to marvel at technical triumphs like the port of Ashdod, plonked down on shifting sand dunes; at the kibbutzim, there is something deeply moving about the passionate attachment to the land of a people so long landless.

Enormously exhilarating too is the blend of gaiety and purposefulness one finds in Israeli youth. Here is a society that throbs with a vitality and enthusiasm and sureness in itself that has all but vanished from the jaded Western world. There are no hippies or dropouts. Crime is minimal; a slightly wan Israeli joke says "once we start getting burglaries, then we'll really know the war's over!"

Few places seem more peaceful than the center of Israel. There are none of the petty restrictions that one associates with a country at war. Lost by myself in the tortuous alleys of the Old City of Jerusalem after dark one evening, I suffered a nasty moment of disquiet; but it was rapidly converted to shame on passing first an elderly rabbi, then an American Orthodox priest, then an Arab *Haj*, all strolling insouciantly through the shadows. Temporarily at least, a united Jerusalem is experiencing a rare moment of peace.

But the war goes on. In a popular Hebrew song, a young soldier says to his girl: "Whenever we stroll together, we are three—You, I and the next war. . . ." Both nights I stayed at Afikim kibbutz just south of Galilee there was gunfire from the direction of Jordan, a mile and a half away; one afternoon a soldier nearby was wounded by a shell. I was shown underground concrete "dormitories" where, in times of emergency, the several hundred children of the kibbutz sleep night after night. Others were connected directly to sleeping quarters, so that, when the alert sounded, the younger children could be posted like letters down a chute, straight into a subterranean bunker. Everywhere on the kibbutz work was feverishly going on to complete new and deeper shell-proof shelters. I asked my host why, when to the north the Syrian frontier had been pushed back out of range and Jordan effectively neutralized during the Six-Day War, such precautions were still necessary. "Because," he replied, "we know the Iraqis are bringing up into Jordan 240mm. Katyushas as well as 130mm. guns which the Russians are supplying them and I'm afraid it is inevitable that Afikim will be bombarded when they feel strong enough."

Arabs and Al Fatah

These continue to be the facts of life with which Israel has had to live now for nearly a generation. But, as long as the brilliant Israeli air force retains superiority (not a foregone conclusion if France lets Nasser get the Mirages Israel has already paid for), the Jordanian and Syrian fronts remain a lesser worry. The same is approximately true of Sinai. Outsiders are rarely allowed up to the Suez Canal positions, and here the Israeli army plays its cards very close to the chest; security in Israel is almost impenetrable. But it is reasonable to assume that their policy is to hold the main bulk of their forces, especially the armor, well back inside of Sinai, with only the thinnest covering force—perhaps no more than a brigade—actually up on the Canal.

The current strategic aims of the opposing sides are roughly antithetical; the Israelis, by means of their deep penetration raids into Egypt, seek to achieve the maximum *dispersal* of the Egyptian army, so as to prevent its concentrating for a sudden lunge into Sinai; while the Egyptians desire the maximum concentration of Israelis in fixed positions along the Canal, so as to inflict upon them a steady attrition with their apparently limitless supplies of Russian shells.

At first the Israelis were forced to play the Egyptian game, and suffered a steady rate of casualties that could have become unacceptable; only three to four a day, but as a former Israeli intelligence chief pointed out to me, "to equate it with American figures you have to multiply by eighty and that brings you well up into Vietnam rates." And Israeli public opinion, more than most, is notoriously sensitive about casualties. In the past year, however, the Israeli army—probably the best read in the Western world—has been intensively studying all the accounts of static warfare in World War I. Now the defense teams along the Canal are well buried in deep shell-proof dugouts; such as the British came up against when they attacked on the Somme in 1916, with hideous loss. Israeli gun crews have become adept at swiftly moving their weapons after firing a few shots, and it must be reckoned that the current serial offensive has carried out a pretty deadly execution of the densely massed Egyptian artillery.

A far more insoluble problem, which Israeli officialdom was doing its best to minimize while I was there, is the Al Fatah guerrilla campaign and its consequences. The only outstandingly unintelligent Israeli I met was an army PRO colonel in the Gaza Strip, who repeated to me a tedious litany of "We have *no* problems here." An hour earlier I had been accompanied down from Tel Aviv by a young, newly married and palpably nervous lieutenant carrying an Ouzy submachine gun on his lap. As we entered Gaza he beseeched me to roll up the window of the car, explaining: "If they do throw a grenade it's less likely to fall inside the car." A few minutes later we were forced to make a detour around a heavily armed squad demolishing a wall around an Arab market. Two grenades had been lobbed over it the previous morning. No problems!

Typically, the only casualties of that grenade were three Arab youths. By and large, Al Fatah terrorism has so far been inefficient and indiscriminate.

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Israel has now established an effective *cordon sanitaire* around its new frontiers, and claims to have killed some seven-hundred infiltrators and terrorists over the past two years; while the chief significance of the five gunboats that ran the gantlet from Cherbourg will undoubtedly be to round up terrorists that have been landing in the Gaza Strip by small boats from Lebanon. But, with $1.50 the going price for a hired grenade-thrower in Gaza, Al Fatah has no shortage of raw material among the million Arabs now incorporated into Israel.

Bullish Hawks

Israel is making considerable efforts to win over these "new" Arabs by improving economic standards, but, against deep-rooted hatreds constantly fanned by Nasser's propaganda, it seems likely to prove a losing battle. Meanwhile, every development in the Arab countries—of which the Rabat debacle was the latest—indicates that it is Al Fatah, not the legal governments, that calls the tune. Al Fatah is becoming increasingly Maoist in its philosophy and Castro-oriented in its guerrilla techniques. It proved its toughness in 1968, when an Israeli raid on one of its camps at Karameh in Jordan was repulsed with 28 dead.

For all Al Fatah's current incompetence, a thoroughly ominous portent for the future was a Vietcong-style operation at the village of Halhul, near Hebron on the West Bank, which occurred while I was in Israel. Here an Al Fatah gang killed five Arab "collaborators," including a Mukhtar and a policeman and the latter's father and brother. About the same time the mayor of Hebron, whose moderation had done much to keep things quiet in the area, sadly admitted to an Israeli journalist that his influence had now largely evaporated, presumably as a consequence of Al Fatah activities and threats.

The Israelis responded to the Halhul incident with tough measures that have become the hallmark of their brand of counterterrorism; they dynamited a block of houses in the vicinity which, the local Arabs claimed, rendered a hundred families homeless. There was immediately an outcry from good liberals all over the world at the harshness, in general, of the Israeli occupation. Undoubtedly, with the stepping up of Al Fatah activity, Israeli countermeasures have grown sterner, but it is worth noting that no terrorist has yet been executed, and nothing I saw or heard leads me to believe that the Israelis have been wantonly inhuman. It is certainly neither their official policy nor their philosophy.

The danger is, however, that—like every occupying force confronted with terrorism, from the Germans in Yugoslavia to the Americans in Vietnam—the Israelis may be swept along by the unstemmable escalation of atrocity and counteratrocity, with its attendant hardening of world opinion. Nobody is more aware of this than the Israelis, and it must be counted the chief aim of Al Fatah to alienate Israel from world sympathy by forcing savagely repressive measures upon her.

With the refusal of France—and now Britain—to sell Israel the arms she desperately needs to counterbalance the flood of Russian materièl to the Arabs; with universal criticism of her occupation measures, and now with the growing belief that America is soft-pedaling to the Arabs in her peace proposals, there is a mounting mood of disillusion and isolation in Israel. In conversation, it takes a form rooted in the endless tragic sequences of Jewish history; "So we're on our own? Well, that's the way it's always been." Beneath all the bullishness at Israel's continuing military triumphs, one senses searing anxiety.

In official policy, Israel's current mood reveals itself in the shape of a hardening of lines. Even Abba Eban (surely the West's most talented foreign minister), formerly regarded as a moderate, has been showing a new inflexibility, as when in London recently he condemned Britain's middle-of-the-road line—remarking lightly, "that's the place where most accidents occur." Mrs. Meir's new cabinet has moved markedly rightward; a symptomatic addition to it being 45-year-old General Ezer Weizmann. He and his fellow members in the conservative Gahal party are not sympathetic to *any* territorial surrenders.

Perhaps the most depressing aspect of the Middle East scene today is the "credibility gap" that exists between what the good statesmen of the U.S.A. and Britain *believe* Israel may accept by way of territorial surrenders in return for a peace treaty, and what the Israelis *know* to be unacceptable. As the lines harden in Israel, the gap is growing. The general view now (and it is remarkable how hard it is to find a minority view in Israel, for all its highly democratic institutions) seems increasingly to be that only the West Bank, with its huge Arab population, is negotiable. Jerusalem is, emotionally, unnegotiable. The Golan Heights in the north are unnegotiable—and rightly so, because strategically they were a pistol pointing at Israel's head. Just how permanently Israel intends to stay there is indicated by the fact that already twelve new *Moshavs* (small kibbutzim) and five full-blooded kibbutzim have been established on the bleak Golan plateau; I saw within a mile of the new frontier, the land already under plow. The same intentions seem to be directed toward Sinai, where several kibbutzim are said to have been established, and extensive drilling for oil is under way.

Magnanimity

After their lamentable experiences with the UN Truce Force and Big Power guarantees, the Israelis can hardly be blamed for now reckoning that their best security lies in sitting tight on the real estate they have captured. But it does not augur well for any permanent settlement in the Middle East, and it is disturbing that Western statesmen continue so fundamentally to misapprehend the realities of the Israeli position.

From Israel's point of view, the most ominous thought should be that time may no longer be on her side. She is not gaining new friends. Week by week the weaponry balance is tilting against her. After years of Russian indoctrination, even the Egyptian army might one day be able to win a battle; and, as the desert battles of World War II proved—not to mention the Six-Day War—one tank battle lost in the wastes of Sinai would be enough to bring the enemy back to the gates of Tel Aviv within a week. The occupation of the conquered areas imposes a constant burden on an already strained economy. The intransigents of Al Fatah are rapidly becoming the dominant voice in the Middle East, and their power to injure is growing.

Perhaps 1970 may be the last year in which Israel could still take advantage of contemporary Arab disarray by being calculatedly magnanimous. But *can* she be magnanimous? □

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FRANK S. MEYER

IN RE PROFESSOR ZOLL:
I - ORDER AND FREEDOM

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

In his rejoinder [March 10] to my "What Kind of Order" [Dec. 30], Professor Zoll somewhat clarifies his position. Specifically, he would seem to be repudiating his original statement that "the present situation invites political approaches that are totalitarian in nature," when he says "the Toryism I endorse is the ultimate vindication of order, *as opposed to repression*, the recognition of social order as resting upon an ontological and naturalistic mandate [my italics]." With this sentiment I heartily concur; furthermore, as I wrote in my original comment: "And here [Professor Zoll] is certainly correct when he insists that the restoration and preservation of order is the outstanding political issue of our present crisis."

So far so good. Professor Zoll and I agree that order in society is clearly distinguishable both from anarchy and from repression, and that its character as order is founded upon an ontological order outside of society itself, that is, founded upon the nature of being itself. But the key phrase is "founded upon"; no political or social order in this imperfect world can reach the perfection of an ontological order laid up in Heaven. Therefore the successive social orders that men have created across history have none of them been more than "representations" (Eric Voegelin's word) of ontological order. They have varied widely, and it is therefore absurd to deny that they can be compared in value. It is absurd to say, as Professor Zoll does, "there is not a 'good' order or a 'bad' order." Some social orders are patently better than others: Ur or the Babylon of Hammurabi better than Assyria; feudal Europe better than the regime of the Ottomans. Or, as a Classical scholar like Professor Zoll must recognize, even among the multifarious polities of the Hellenic world—all participants in the same civilization—the historian can distinguish manifold shades of better and worse among Athens, Corinth, Miletus, Croton, Sparta or Sybaris.

Even more, however, than within a given civilization can the categories of better and worse be applied to different civilizational orders. And despite the current fashion of relativism, I would maintain that Western civilization takes pre-eminence over all other civilizations. Inspired by the Incarnation, it has developed, as no other civilization has done—even Eastern Christian civilization—a complex symbology and rationale of the person as the ordering principle, the fount and end of social being. Furthermore, within that civilization, it has been the Anglo-American tradition, culminating in the American Constitution, that has expressed those symbols and that rationale of the person in the highest political terms that human beings have yet found. Of course, as Professor Zoll says, the Constitution has been flawed in the past decades, but conservatives faced with such a problem differ from radicals in that they attempt to *restore* flawed institutions to their pristine virtue, rather than ideologically projecting an abstract concept of order based upon images of power.

Freedom of the person is not in opposition to Western order; it is that condition toward which our order is directed. Nor can Professor Zoll relegate concern for freedom "to Locke, Madison and Mill." It is the common concern of the West, and particularly the Anglo-American West, going to the heart of the tradition he claims to represent. He calls himself a High Tory, but the very symbol of High Toryism, the Martyr King, Charles Stuart, in his great speech from the scaffold, affirmed that concern for freedom: "For the people: and truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody whomsoever; but I must tell you, that their liberty and freedom consists in having of government, those laws by which their life and their goods may be most their own. . . . If I would have given way to an arbitrary way, for to have all laws changed according to the power of the sword, I need not have come here. . . ." Now Professor Zoll's commitment to order for order's sake, his contempt for freedom, is not in the spirit of Toryism. It is "an arbitrary way," the way of gnosticism—in the spirit of Cromwell, and of Robespierre, Hitler and Stalin.

His concept of conservatism is of some collection of ideological attitudes. But conservatism is not an ideology; it is a devotion to the restoration and development of our tradition. That tradition places the freedom of the person to seek his fulfillment and salvation as a central principle of our social order. In a sense, we American conservatives are at the same time both Tory and Whig, both traditionalist and libertarian.

One challenge of Professor Zoll's remains: the immediate problem of the threat of radical nihilism and the breakdown of order. He sees only one alternative: "the primitivistic and irrational retaliations of the Right," and the role he sees for conservatives is to "moderate the political excesses of a right-wing radicalism." In the first place, when the "terrible simplifiers" come out of the woodwork, no moderating conservative voice will be able to influence them. But, more importantly, Professor Zoll utterly ignores the main issue—that every necessary resource exists, given the will, for our constitutional republic to survive and maintain social order. In my next column I shall return to this question—the resources of the constitutional republic for the restoration of order. □

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DELECTATIONS

Agog in Agaland

TOM SAGE

HEADLINE: AGA TO WED! Now that it's actually happened, the newspapers seem a little piqued, as if finding the reality a limp anticlimax after such a long chase, and anyhow who *is* Lady Sarah Crichton-Stuart? Why couldn't he have hooked up with Mia Farrow or Raquel Welch or someone, like his Daddy? But there he is, smiling his little-boy smile, the smile of one who has had too many mothers to placate, and saying: "We will probably spend our honeymoon on the Costa Smeralda."

That place! With *fantastic* David Bailey *creating* girls in kooky gear against a background of desolate wind-carved rocks and all those fabulously exclusive people in frantic Pucci clothes from the yachts in the bay. Sardinia's northeastern corner doesn't have much else going for it: no natural supplies of water, few trees, fewer roads; lots of lizards. But the Mediterranean here is a particularly pellucid green, an emerald shield with a hundred-mile fringe of white beaches. Virgin land—*unspoiled*, as they say. Tourism obviously had to come. What surprised people was that it should come via His Highness the Aga Khan, Caliph and 49th Imam of the worldwide Ismaeli sect. God works in mysterious ways, but this was ridiculous. Thirty million bucks (for a start) to turn a wilderness into an island playpen for wealthy vulgarians with jet-set complexes? He must be out of his Oriental mind!

Instant Utopia!

But the Imam smiled boyishly and went ahead, and today he can look forward to a time when there will be ten thousand villas, forty holiday hotels, ten "summer villages," three yacht harbors and countless golf courses, polo grounds and nightclubs on what he has renamed (the Sardinians called it *la gallura* and sold it gladly) the Costa Smeralda. Which is Italian for "emerald coast" but could be a mistake, if you think of all the other English words beginning with "sm."

The Aga's servitors used to be pretty snooty about advertising. They let you know that the Costa needed no commercial beyond the word of mouth already passing among the right people. After all, when you had choice spirits like the Snowdons and Sam Spiegel coming to visit, that was publicity enough for openers. So it was, too—a yacht hit a rock and the Princess and the Earl had to be damply transported to good old terra firma by rubber dinghy. Tableau! And *exeunt omnes* rather sharply to Venice. But even when you put her £50 travel allowance together with the Earl's, you haven't really started to get back your $30 million. So the come-on became more strident, in a refined sort of way, handouts gushed and space was actually bought in newspapers to tell the world how the Costa was not merely *the* In place chosen by discriminating people for a gay, relaxed vacation, but a whole new way of life. Herds of sleek, modish socialites, you understood, were snapping up the Aga's little white houses and plots of land; the *principesse* were lying on the beaches like seal-packs.

You could share the sand with Kirk Douglas or Gunther Sachs or Gore Vidal or the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava or Mrs. Ian Fleming or Mme. Francine Weisweiller or the Marchese Wautier d'Asshe or Gilles de Brissac, and if you didn't know who they were, why, the names alone were enough to make you feel you were living in a Ronald Firbank novel or at least a Rex Reed column.

However, I was able to resist, until a London newspaper sent me to cover some Sardinian bandit fracas, with a request to look over the Costa at the same time. Followed a series of Jacques Tati-type vacation disasters. I made one of those all-paid-in-advance arrangements with which come Panavision/Technicolor leaflets that promise anything. "Transport will meet you on arrival . . ." but when the overnight boat docked, of transport there was no sign —and Aga Khan country is thirty or more miles from the horrible entry port of Olbia.

"Sometimes they send the car," says a *caribiniere*. Sometimes not, though. *The* car?

A band of smiling, sabor-toothed taxidrivers materializes. They loll seductively against their Fiats. Ignore them, telephone the hotel. The duty driver will be on duty soon, says a bright young Italian voice. Now he is in bed.

The cabbies' eyeballs are registering now-we-have-you, or is it $20-is-nothing-to-these-wealthy-tourists?

"Yes, yes, yes signor, we take the Panoramic Road, I show you everything, here is my card, there is my name, when your friends come to Olbia tell them please to ask for me, Giorgio, how do you like Sardinia, Sardinian girls are beautiful." As we hurtle around bends in a cornice road, the rubber casing stripping off the tires, scenic treats flash subliminally past. "Down there, the Cala di Volpe!"

The Disneyland Effect

Glimpsed below, the pride of the Costa, a hotel-cum-clubhouse built chiefly as a launching pad for wealthy layabouts who *might* build villas. The idea was seemingly to make it look like anything but a hotel-cum-clubhouse. It falls bucolically all over itself in shades of faded-denim blue, ice-cream pink and rusted cookie: Immense artifice has plainly gone into making this brand-new building look as if it has been rained on for three centuries.

A mile or two over lumpy hills, sprinkled with Barbara Hepworth boulders, is Porto Cervo, first of the built-from-scratch holiday villages, with "the largest yacht harbor (so who's going to deny it?) in the Mediterranean." It has space, officially, for six hundred boats, but right now there are sixteen. The Hotel Cervo wallows in sophisticated simplicity, scrapes you with its roughcast white walls, warms you with its mellow tiles, its rushy chairs and rustic tables. The waiters, according to M. André Ardoin, the chief Aga-aide, are "hand-picked peasants." And the water is NOT DRINKING WATER, as the stick-on label above the taps in my room warns, superfluously, since the color of the emerging liquid is sometimes pale gold, with spurts of Indian-tea brown. I learn, not from M. Ardoin,

(Continues on page 323)

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César Chavez—Fact and Fiction

Sal Si Puedes
By Peter Matthiessen
Random House, $6.95

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Peter Matthiessen is a novelist, and as such he cannot be blamed if he lacks a reporter's ability to separate fact from fiction. He is a man of emotion, for which he must be commended, but he has let that emotion stand between him and a careful view of his subject. In his "non-fiction" *Sal Si Puedes*, therefore, he has written one of those agitprop novels, so popular in the Thirties, in which his charismatic hero—one part Joan of Arc, one part Huckleberry Finn, one part St. Francis of Assisi—wins over the starving masses and the little old ladies in Delman shoes by his sheer virtue. In the case of César Chavez, a better word might well be virtuosity.

In creating a portrait of César Chavez—gentle, whimsical, courageous, tolerant of his enemies, scrupulous, dedicated—Peter Matthiessen is, unfortunately, compelled to deal with a man and a situation still visible to a reporter's naked eye. The facts do not warrant his superlatives. For Chavez is a rank fraud as a humanitarian and a failure as a union leader. His attempts at organizing the grape pickers in California is a trade union disaster. His boycott of table grapes, though somewhat more successful, is the product of AFL-CIO and UAW muscle—and the people most hurt by it have been the pickers themselves.

These are facts known to anyone who has bothered to visit the focal point of César Chavez's "union" drive. The account of life in Delano and the San Joaquin Valley, as seen by Matthiessen, is a Potëmkin village in reverse. It is ironic that even the translation of the book's title is inaccurate. The reader is told that *Sal Si Puedes*, the name of a Mexican-American slum in which Chavez lived, means "Escape if you can." But of the dozens of translations and idiomatic uses of the verb *salir*, not one is given as "escape" by my dictionaries.

IN WRITING his celebration of César Chavez, Peter Matthiessen has limited himself, for the most part, to what Chavez and his followers told him. Where he is confronted by an unpleasant fact, he manfully acknowledges it—then finds an excuse. So he admits to the violent acts against the pickers by Chavez's professional pickets, but wrongly argues that they were retaliatory. The pickers who were shot at and hounded, who go to work with weapons concealed in their boots for fear of a "union" raid, told me differently.

It is too bad that Peter Matthiessen did not investigate the situation in California before he began to interview Chavez. He would have then been able to write a truly psychological thriller, a perverse success story. For César Chavez is, beyond a doubt, an unusual and fascinating man. Whether or not he ever worked in the fields is in dispute. But it seems to be fact that he was a *pachuco*, a Mexican-American bully-boy, when Saul Alinsky found him and converted him to activism. It is also a fact, but unmentioned, that the initial funds for launching the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee—some $247,000—came from the Office of Economic Opportunity, not the pennies of the little people.

César Chavez was able to parlay this sum into a war chest of $10 million, pleading poverty every step of the way. It is a tribute to his salesmanship that he has convinced thousands of people that the highest paid farm workers in America—living in their own homes and driving their own cars, as 90 per cent of Delano's pickers do—were starving. (The columnist James Jackson Kilpatrick, who went into the fields, reports that a family of four pickers earns about $325 a week. "At harvest time, this doubles," he has written. "They drive a 1968 station wagon. A son is in college.")

But the biggest achievement of César Chavez's campaign to impose a closed shop on agriculture—illegal elsewhere in the nation, but one of his demands—is to convince guilt-ridden liberals that 1) the pickers want him but are afraid to join his union, and 2) that the battle is between the union and the growers. In point of fact, the pickers have been determinedly and outspokenly anti-Chavez. They have organized *against* the union because they have seen Chavez at work—and learned that in "unionized" vineyards wages have gone down. In my presence, a group of pickers told a grower that if he went over their heads and signed up with the union, they would walk out. Peter Matthiessen, of course, brushes aside picker opposition as the result of intimidation by the growers. Obviously, he never attended any of the pickers' enthusiastic anti-Chavez rallies in a San Joaquin Valley which, he says, is steeped in fear and patrolled by fat, cigar-smoking cops. For all of the support of militant students, churchmen, Charlotte Ford, George Plimpton and Walter Reuther, the $10 million invested in the unionizing drive has netted Chavez only 2,147 members, according to figures he himself supplied to the Labor Department.

There is need, in certain states, for protection of the migratory farm worker. Senator Eugene McCarthy's Minnesota is one of the worst offenders

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in its treatment of farm workers—though he has limited his criticism to California. But to single out the productive, peaceful and prosperous San Joaquin Valley—and to depict it in Grapes-of-Wrath terms—merely debases that need. Matthiessen takes comfort from the support that some of the local clergy have given Chavez. But the pickers, for the most part devout Catholics, have stood up to the labor priests in a manner which should give a novelist some pause.

A colorful, objective and valuable book could have been written on César Chavez, on the romanticized strike which struck nothing, and on its relationship and value to New Left propagandists—but *Sal Si Puedes* is not it. □

FICTION

A Fairly Honourable Defeat
By Iris Murdoch *Viking, $6.95*

Travels with My Aunt
By Graham Greene *Viking, $5.95*

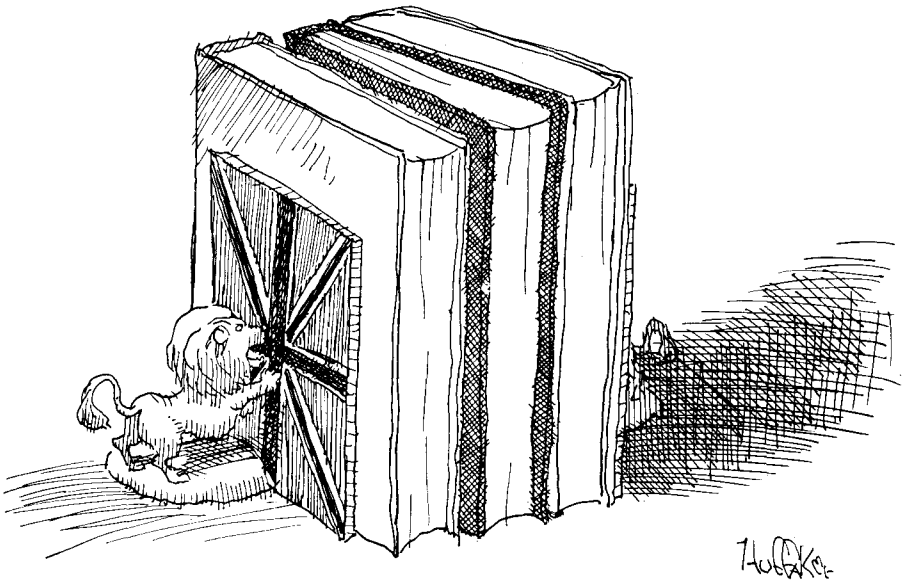
Something in Disguise
By Elizabeth Jane Howard
Viking, $5.95

BRITANNIA IN NEGLIGÉE

GUY DAVENPORT

Iris Murdoch's next to last novel, *The Nice and the Good*, was about a family and its friends and how they all slid toward a disaster that would have crushed them all. But they never got there. Common sense, compassion, love and understanding rescued them. Everyone remarked how unlike Iris Murdoch to have written such a novel. And now she has rewritten that novel, well disguised, of course, and this time the outcome is the very opposite. The same very nice people with the same civilized grasp of the art of living tumble to their annihilation.

Man lives by two equally demanding laws. One he made himself (and is still rather half-heartedly making), that of civilization. The other is nature. Neither is as clear as a clear-minded man would like, and both have proved to be utterly confusing. Miss Murdoch begins her novel with two very civilized people, husband and wife, congratulating themselves on their civilized nature. Other characters enter; they have



had their problems—a civilized breach of nature here, a natural breach of civilization there. One, the adolescent son of the civilized couple, has given up altogether and lies on a bed staring at the ceiling.

Miss Murdoch is fascinated by the unsure poise of our lives within the conventions of civilization and in the scheme of nature. For one thing, our inner resources all too frequently turn out to be dependence on others—not on their love or guidance, but on their ability to feed our vanity. And we fool ourselves as often as we are fooled by others. Thus her plot is a Shakespearean comedy of errors that gets out of hand and becomes what the English call a shocking mess. Man, Miss Murdoch says, is served none too well by either civilization or nature. He is, after all, a being responsible for himself, and is thus terribly helpless and alone.

This, however, is too clear a philosophical statement for a novelist who has always gazed hard at the opacity of the human heart, and she reserves one character from the doom that crushes the others. He is the manipulator who deliberately (out of boredom, perhaps) deceives everybody else in the novel (using their own vanity for his fulcrum). He is said to be a brilliant scientist (and perhaps isn't); he spent the war in Buchenwald (maybe), and his mischief is perhaps revenge, perhaps idle malice. He is a human rat. And he is Miss Murdoch's enigma. In an older literature he would be the Devil. In a more sophisticated literature, he can be thought of as a Darwinian sport being tried out by nature. In classical comedy he would be the scheming slave who is whipped (or rewarded) for his cleverness. He is a random element capable of catalyzing the worst and the weakest in people who had otherwise appeared good and strong; his inexplicable power (or luck) makes Miss Murdoch's latest unmasking of human nature all the more lifelike.

THE AUNT of Graham Greene's new novel turns out to be one of those irrepressible souls who, like the Wife of Bath and Joyce Cary's Sara Monday, is wise in experience and years but gloriously foolish in all things the English traditionally face with severe prudence. When we meet her she is in her seventies, is keeping an African gigolo and dope pusher, and is laying her plans to be reunited with a lover of some years back, who, owing to the complications of politics in the latter days of fascist Italy, has had to make himself invisible to the police of several nations.

The English are the best of travelers and the most adaptable of people to foreign parts for the simple reason that they never lose their identity, never homogenize. Countries have always been states of mind to Graham Greene; where nineteenth-century novelists needed romantic castles, Yorkshire weather and Wessex moors, he uses exotic countries instead—Sierra Leone, Haiti, Paraguay, Turkey. They are moral frontiers for him, as they were for his cousin Robert Louis Stevenson. The narrator of Mr. Greene's novel is a conservative stay-at-home. His Aunt Augusta takes him along on

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her travels and awakens him from his sleep of moral complacency. And an hilarious process it is, too.

The triumphant comedy of *Travels with My Aunt* comes from the perception of Mr. Greene's that the world and one's moral view of it fit together rather awkwardly. One achieves virtue pretty much as Euclid defined a straight line in a universe that has turned out to be thoroughly non-Euclidean. It has always been Mr. Greene's enterprise to look at virtue not in a church but in the whorehouse; his saints are scarcely aware of their mission, and they struggle with their own passions as diligently as with those of the world. And they are wonderfully comic because Mr. Greene insists that virtue, insofar as man can achieve it, costs everything, one's self in fact; so that a moral victory is first of all the loss of complacency and illusion. Grace, true to all that has been said about it, is joyful.

ELIZABETH JANE HOWARD (Mrs. Kingsley Amis) writes a very crisp novel indeed. What's in disguise in *Something in Disguise* is the form of the novel. Not until the last few pages are we aware that we have been reading a masterful detective story, and this is a commendable refurbishing of a worn and thin convention. The English detective novel is at its weakest when it plays the mere game of fooling us, and thus falls into the silly business of concocting false clues. Miss Howard disguises the very fact that she is writing a detective novel. We seem to be reading a British *Bonjour Tristesse* that has been woven into a novel of manners and misalliances. The plot vigorously takes unexpected leaps, yet none of them prepares us for the deft twist at the end.

It is unfair, however, to speak of this novel as merely a detective novel; it is much more accomplished, and involves the reader in a wider and deeper view of English manners than is normally offered in a thriller. Miss Howard's art is natively English; Miss Murdoch's philosophical view of mankind, and Mr. Greene's Christian meditation, might plausibly have been written outside England. *Something in Disguise*, with its cat, its ugly and uncomfortable house, its ability to make a sinister thing of cooking and beds, is of the English English, a particularity of inimitable essence. Only the English really know how to be gruesome. □

RECONSIDERATIONS

The Great Terror: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties
By Robert Conquest
Macmillan, 633 pp., $9.95
Power and Policy in the USSR
By Robert Conquest
Harper Torchbooks, 484 pp., $2.95

THE CONTRIBUTION OF ROBERT CONQUEST

GERHART NIEMEYER

Robert Conquest's *The Great Terror*, published thirty years after the climax of Stalin's mass murders, conclusively defines for us what many wishfully desire to bury in oblivion: the political disorder endemic to Communism. The events Conquest details, as he reminds us, "among all those of the past generation affect the world most directly today. The wounds left by Nazism . . . are deep and painful. But . . . while the Hitler regime is over twenty years dead, that created by Stalin, and those founded on his model, survive. . . . The whole world, indeed, still lives under Stalin's shadow."

THE MATERIAL IS, OF COURSE, familiar, but with new insights. The 1934 Kirov assassination, later shown to have been ordered by Stalin himself, served as both the starting and the focal point of a series of purges coming in four distinct waves: wave after wave rising to murderous climax for four years, to culminate in a total deficit of seven million people in the Party and its affiliated organizations by the end of the Thirties. Conquest shows that the purges created the entire apparatus of power that exists today, that all of the present Soviet leaders are direct beneficiaries or, in many cases, accomplices, of Stalin's liquidation of their comrades.

Conquest also flashes back to point out that Communist terror originated as early as August 1918; that in the early Twenties other revolutionary parties were violently suppressed and intra-Party dissension was handled through expulsions, denunciations, character assassinations and murder; that there had been four great show trials before (Shakty 1928, the Industrial Party 1930, the Mensheviks 1931, the Metro-Vic-Engineers 1933); that collectivization was accomplished in 1929-30 only through mass terrorization resulting in at least five and a half million dead. Nor did the Thirties end the matter. Purges, trials, the official fabrication of wide-flung networks of conspiracies continued through the "Leningrad Case" (1948), the "Doctors' Plot" (1953), the trial of Lavrenti Beria (1954) and the denunciation of the "Anti-Party Group" (1957-58).

IF CONQUEST WERE NOT also a poet, he might have given us what is nowadays called a "concise history" of a soul-chilling period, soon forgotten. But his great sensitivity to the things of the mind makes him dwell particularly on the astonishing phenomenon of the "confessions" of the accused in the three trials. In a chapter of extraordinary perspicacity he gives us one of the main keys to the entire study, identifying the features of the regime which the purges instituted or made manifest. In my own mind, these features fall into the following categories:

a) *The Rubashov mentality* (after the central figure of Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*): An unlimited devotion to the Party—transcending reason, the sense of truth, self-preservation and any other interest. It was expressed well by Pyatakov who, when expelled from the Party in 1926, made his humble submission repudiating his own ideas and saying that the Party, in his eyes, was a "miracle" that not only represented but mastered history, making "the impossible possible," and that without the Party "there could be no life for him." The phenomenon of self-accusation in the Party thus antedated Stalin's purges. His purges, relying on "voluntary and conscious submission" (in his own words), on confession as the sole evidence, would not have been possible except on the basis of an ideological elevation of the Party to quasi-divine rank.

b) *The destruction of the moral order:* "The reality of Stalin's activities was often disbelieved because they seemed to be unbelievable," says Conquest. "His whole style consisted in doing what previously had been thought morally or physically inconceivable." The source of such actions, however, was not atavistic cruelty, although that also rose up as soon as it was officially permitted and encouraged, but rather

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deliberate and elaborate logic. When the Italian Communist Serrati was viciously slandered by the Party, Zinoviev explained the underlying motive to the protesting Mme. Balabanoff: "We have fought and slandered him because of his great merits. It would not have been possible to alienate the masses from him without resorting to these means." Thus "necessity," as conceived by the Party, took the place of moral criteria of right action. Victims agreed with the victors among the Communist leadership in replacing the moral order with the requirements of revolutionary strategy. The destruction of the moral order has spread as far as Communist loyalties, as can be seen by Bertold Brecht's notorious remark, at the time of the first purge trial: "The more innocent they are, the more they deserve to die."

c) *The destruction of the order of truth:* Besides the cold-bloodedness of the will to murder and inflict untold suffering on the population, the worst feature of the purges was the web of lies, the "total falsehood of the reasons given for the accusations." From the outset, the prosecution wove an imaginary plot of associations linking several persons' political dissent to common crimes and treasons, connecting all of the various accused with each other, linking them to both Trotsky and Hitler (even the Jews among the Bolsheviks, such as Zinoviev and Yakir). By means of mere hints and sheer conjecture, a fantastically complex story was created which went from elaboration to elaboration throughout the Stalin period and served the rulers of the mid-Fifties for the same purpose. For the whole of the Communist-ruled world, a gigantic Second Reality was fabricated by means of public fiction. An occasional protest was invariably met with the retort: "This is not a problem of truth, but a struggle for power." Thus the requirements of power came to be accepted by all Party members as a proper substitute for those of truth.

d) *The paradoxical reliance on justice and democracy* (the terror using the empty shell of substance it had destroyed): Each case of political disagreement was turned into a case of judicial indictment in which politics was mixed with crime and treason, the mixture invariably established in public court. Terror became an "institutionalized necessity," the accepted and "legal" way by which power struggles were carried to their conclusion. The perverted reliance on the façades of justice and democracy reveals that the Communist regime either has not developed its own legal and political forms or else cannot help being ashamed of them.

e) *The abolition of any limit to politics:* The Party figured as its own end, forbidding all men to have other ends beside it. "No one had previously created a state, on a solid and stable basis, entirely hostile to the natural movements of the economy and to the aspirations of the people," writes Conquest. I would add: Nor has anyone done that now, for the Communists have not achieved that internal "zone of peace" that is normally created by government, and their combative and irreconcilable political purposes fill the entire range of human relations removing all restrictions even from international conflicts. Krylenko expressed this absence of any limit to politics when he said: "We must finish once and for all with the neutrality of chess. We must condemn once and for all the formula 'chess for the sake of chess.' . . ."

DOES ALL THIS amount to no more than a dark and sinister chapter of a bygone generation, nothing more than a skeleton in the Communist family closet? Conquest's earlier study, *Power and Policy in the USSR*, should be recalled. Beginning with Stalin's last years, it covers the period of de-Stalinization. When Stalin, who had ruled entirely by means of a personal apparatus, had gone, there emerged a number of *diadochi*, because there were a number of power machines each of which might possibly help one of the surviving leaders to attain supremacy: the Party, the government, the economic managers,

RANDOM NOTES

■ Sick of all the rhetoric about the urban crisis? John Lindsay got you down? ("*C'est un sot à vingt-quatre carats,*" Monsieur Pompidou is reported to have mused recently.) Then you'll want to try what promises to be one of this year's most important, not to mention controversial, books: *The Unheavenly City* (Little, Brown, $6.95) by Harvard's unabashedly conservative urbanologist, Edward Banfield. Banfield systematically demolishes ancient liberal myths and "counterfeit problems," offering hard-headed and logical alternatives to real problems (many of which have been totally ignored by men of the Lindsay breed). . . . And speaking of urban crises: aficionados of New York's *Village Voice* can read about that journal's urban messiah in Joe Flaherty's *Managing Mailer* (Coward-McCann, May), the story of Norman Mailer's recent venture. . . . Richard Harris, a staff writer for the *New Yorker*, has penned *Justice*, a particularly nasty little book about all the bad guys in Nixon's Justice Department (Dutton, $6.95).

■ Just out: Jeremy Larner's *Nobody Knows: Reflections on the McCarthy Campaign of 1968* (Macmillan, $4.95). It is not so much the story of the Impossible Dream as it is the story of a pompous, lazy snob, who loved the company of stooges and sycophants, and who wrote bad poetry. . . . Harold Levine has done a joemcginniss on the Eisenhower Administration: *Smoke-Filled Rooms* (Prentice-Hall, April, $5.95). Matthew Hodgart, a British professor who happened to be at Cornell during the dark days of 1969, has written an amusing attack on the SDS Yahoos, *A New Voyage to the Country of the Houynhnms: Being the Fifth Part of the Travels into Several Remote Parts of the World by Lemuel Gulliver* (Putnam, April, $2.95). In the "Fifth Book" the Houynhnms (liberal university professors) find themselves enslaved by the modern Yahoos, who have added vulgarity, drugs and sexual depravity to their list of odious vices. . . And from the Yahoo camp, two important books: Peter Buckman's *The Limits of Protest* (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.95), a leftist how-to-do-it book; and Howard Zinn's *The Politics of History* (Beacon, $10, May), a trendy analysis of New Left history by one of its leading practitioners. . . . From the sublime to the ridiculous: See Irving Shulman's *Jackie* (Trident, April, $6.50)—about Mrs. Onassis. . . . And Mark Lane's *Arcadia* about the travails of a Florida fruit picker (Holt, $6.95, May). . . . *If I Forget Thee, O Jerusalem: American Jews and the State of Israel* will be out with much fanfare in April (Morrow, $12.95).

■ *Solon*, a new conservative journal from Britain, edited by T. E. Utley, with contributions from such eminent Tories as Julian Amery, Norman Gash and J. Enoch Powell has just published its second issue. (For information, write Garden House, Sunningdale, Berkshire, England.) . . . The final volume of Leonard Woolf's autobiography, *The Journey Not the Arrival Matters,* (Harcourt, $5.95), will be out later this month. Woolf, who died last year, was the grand old man of British Fabianism, and the husband of the late Virginia Woolf.

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the big city machines, the police and the army. The struggle between the various aspirants took the form of dissension over policies such as "liberalization" (first propounded by Beria, of all people!), consumer goods *v.* producer goods or the opening of the virgin lands. Defeat of any one of the *diadochi* over any one of these issues was followed by the invention of a network of criminal associations leading to his removal, denunciation and trial, the only novelty being the small number and percentage of executions.

The Party, it seems, cannot operate effectively without coming to a very narrow point of leadership (a very small group or single person), but it has no peaceful, institutional way of arriving at this kind of unity or at policy decisions.

"The lesson of our whole period" (1945-1960), writes Conquest, "is that the leading figure in a 'collective leadership' is in constant danger unless he crushes his enemies. . . . The opposite is also true: 'Collective leadership' is the resultant of a number of conflicting forces. A balance can only be kept by constant maneuver."

POLITICAL FORMS always stem from past events and history; no country can jump over its own shadow and neither can a Party that has set itself up as a country's occupying regime. Conquest's studies have made it definitively clear that nothing in its own history lends itself readily to a possible endeavor of the Party to achieve the order of obligations, publicly accepted ideas, and institutions that characterize a government.

It is true, says Conquest, that "the cycle cannot go on indefinitely amid circumstances which ensure that the regime must evolve or perish," and he does not exclude an "evolution toward democracy." That, however, was written before Czechoslovakia, the sentencing of Daniel and Sinyavsky, and the ostracism of Solzhenitzyn. For the sake of ourselves, all of whom live "under Stalin's shadow," one would like to be optimistic about the evolution of Communism. For the sake of truth, however, one feels he should sit down next to Solzhenitzyn—Jeremiah with his streaming tears—and with him lament his tormented Russia: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." □

Public Works: A Dangerous Trade
By Robert Moses
McGraw-Hill, 952 pp., $14.50

THE MAN IN CHARGE

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

In January of 1935, Secretary of the Interior Ickes, acting on orders from President Roosevelt, undertook the job of deposing Robert Moses as a member of the Triborough Bridge Authority. The hatchet man confessed to his diary that he was operating in unknown waters. "I don't know Moses. From all accounts he is a highly disagreeable and unpleasant person who is also tremendously efficient." By March, sadder and wiser, Ickes had found out just how unpleasant and efficient his intended victim could be. Years later Ickes observed, "If I had known as much about Moses at the beginning as I knew at the time of our surrender, I might have been able to save both my chief and myself some of the damage." As it turned out, Moses became Chairman of the Authority in 1936, a position he did not relinquish until 1968.

The full history of this remarkably successful defiance of Presidential power is related and documented with obvious pride in *Public Works: A Dangerous Trade*. The tale is told via press releases, lawyers' briefs, public and private letters, and official orders, all held together with a minimum of running comment. Such is the expository method used throughout this remarkable book, the tale of a thousand and one battles over parks, museums, monuments, Lincoln Center, assorted housing projects, two World's Fairs, the development of St. Lawrence and Niagara power, parkways, tunnels, bridges, Jones Beach, bomb shelters and bank failures.

These chronicles are marked by a minimum of theorizing. The stress is on how parks, bridges and fairs get built —not on the mechanical details of construction, but on how the obstacles posed by politicians, lawyers, bankers and the press are overcome. Written in a style that combines wit with erudition, the result is fascinating and immensely rewarding reading. Would that our nation's graduate schools produced a few more Ph.Ds in political science with the inclinations and energy of Robert Moses (Columbia, 1914).

I was careful to qualify "more" in the previous paragraph with "a few." There is considerable evidence (much of it found in his own book) that even one Robert Moses was too much for dozens of other responsible and presumably intelligent public officials. Two Robert Moses in one government would probably lead to a civil war. But there is a second and more important reason for the qualifier.

THE STRENGTH OF MOSES, as his book illustrates time and again, was his ability to translate a plan into reality, on time and within budget. But the man who can do this is not necessarily the same man who should set the goals to be accomplished. Moses' opposition to the consolidation of New York City's transportation system is instructive. Under this plan, the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, the single most important Moses fiefdom, became subordinate to a higher, non-Moses controlled authority. It was charged that any consolidation program broke faith with bondholders and imperiled the ability of the Authority to raise new

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capital. But one suspects that if Moses had been offered the position of Number One in the new transportation authority, considerably less opposition would have been forthcoming (this had been the case when the Triborough was consolidated with the money-losing New York City Tunnel Authority).

Insistence on the superiority of financially self-liquidating bridges, tunnels and toll roads for automobiles may be a classic example of what economists call "sub-optimizing": when the superior performance of one part of a system conflicts with the optimum performance of the system as a whole. There is increasing evidence that the public is realizing that as population densities and incomes rise, the true cost of an automobile-dominated transportation system increases astronomically, and that the most efficient approach calls for key (and probably subsidized) roles for mass transportation facilities.

A further example of the limits of the Moses approach can be found in New York City's housing programs. Like many other conscientious public officials, Moses equates the eradication of slums and "checking blight" with the destruction of decaying neighborhoods and their replacement by high-rise housing and "open spaces," Only very recently have people begun to realize that there is a "demand for slum housing" and when the supply of slum housing is reduced in one part of a metropolitan area, the demand will be satisfied by the deterioration of neighborhoods in another part of the same city.

BUT THESE ARE MINOR quibbles about a superb chronicle of accomplishment, put together by a man who can write as well as he can organize a multi-million dollar construction project. It is unfortunate that those who could profit most from this work probably will not read it: "Our enthusiastic young political reformers, the reincarnated Savonarolas, the professional uplifters suddenly given access to the public treasury . . . the baboons given a bright ball to toss about." John Lindsay and his crew have already shown themselves too thin-skinned to get by such descriptions of themselves and into the message of this book: Government is a continuing business, and high office is not capably discharged with exercises in "amateurish idealism, pretentious nobility, drafty sounding phrases and fancy lingo." □

Cops on Campus and Crime in the Streets
By Erle Stanley Gardner
Morrow, 156 pp., $5.00

To Keep and Bear Arms
By Bill R. Davidson
Arlington House, 302 pp., $5.95

GUNS, CRIME AND THE PUBLIC

ROSS MACKENZIE

It probably is fortunate for the nation that Congress passed the Gun Control Act of 1968—the first gun control legislation to come out of Washington in thirty years—well before public revelation of the tragic events at Mylai. For if fact ultimately bears out allegation about what happened at Mylai, the event will sit heavily on the national conscience. And one readily accessible avenue of expiation might be to adopt a gun control law so restrictive that potential Lieutenant Calleys of the future would have to account for every round. Moreover, such a law very likely would seek to keep guns—all guns—out of the hands of the citizenry, on the pretext that thereby we would draw away from the executioner mentality that surfaced so awfully at Mylai.

But the nation has its gun control law now, and no matter what the final judgment about Mylai turns out to be, the public seems to be in no mood to suffer under a stricter one—insofar as it might apply to the general populace, anyway. Yet the Mylai experience, in that it is gun-related, can have a salutary effect if the public can re-examine the gun question, and decide that no, Mylai did not happen—if it happened at all—because of public familiarity with guns, but rather because of individual aberration.

So these two books clearly are topical. Erle Stanley Gardner's offering has little to do with gun control per se. Essentially it is anecdotal, enlightening primarily for what it tells us about the master of the whodunit—not terribly beneficial otherwise. Gardner does believe, however, that no legislation ever will keep guns out of the hands of the criminal class, so it is pointless to try. And to propose, as the thirteen-man National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence did in August, a federal-state program that would confiscate the public's 24 million pistols, is utterly absurd. To make such an attempt, Gardner says, would lead to a pack of trouble: Pistols are private property, and the government very likely could find itself snared in 24 million condemnation suits.

BILL DAVIDSON treats his subject far more exhaustively. Much of the first part of his book is a defense of the National Rifle Association, which, one supposes, can use some defending in view of the shellacking it continually suffers at the hands of the media. But Davidson—a man who believes recent events in the United States read like Gibbon, "*very* late Gibbon"—knows guns and has a lot to say about them.

He withers the argument that anti-gun legislation reduces crime, any more than prohibition reduced drinking. He cites countless instances in which infantrymen with rural upbringing—i.e., infantrymen who probably matriculated in guns when they were young—are substantially better military marksmen than their urban-background counterparts. He articulates the cause of the militia, and wonders why defenders of Bill of Rights liberties are silent about the Second Amendment. And he correctly observes a shift in attitude about guns on the part of liberals and conservatives: It used to be liberals, so-called, who wanted their guns, and conservatives who mouthed concerns about what an armed populace might do; now it's the other way around.

"No type of gun law will prevent murder," Senator Mike Mansfield has remarked, "and any law passed will not prevent persons who are bent on breaking the law from acquiring guns." The problem is not with guns, but with the finger on the trigger; not with the pistol retailers, but with the courts. If there is a solution to crime, it does not lie in controlling the sale or possession of guns, but in punishing—and punishing severely—their criminal use. Congress does not need to limit the liberty of the ordinary citizenry: it needs to limit the liberty of persons who use guns illegally. The Senate went that route early in December when it approved an amendment to the Gun Control Act of 1968—an amendment that would require a stiff mandatory jail sentence for anyone convicted of using or possessing a gun during the commission of a federal crime. Such mandatory sentence

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would be in addition to his sentence for committing the crime in the first place. That would reduce the criminal use of guns in a hurry.

But where the citizenry in general is concerned, the government must not be allowed once more to get away with telling the public that it knows better than the public does what is in the public's best interest. Laws that purport to protect the individual from himself generally are bad laws; laws that aim at protecting the individual from others—notably, criminals—generally are good laws. Crime will not be reduced by laws aimed at saving us from ourselves, Mylai or no Mylai. □

THEATER

HAIR— TWO YEARS AFTER

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

I first saw *Hair* on a September evening in 1968. I had flown in from London that day and was tired and cross and generally antagonistic to the world. I had been in England all summer and word filtered about "America's tribal love-rock musical" across the ocean and I went because I Was Curious (tired). Back in those days—1968 seems a long time ago—*Hair* offended some people, but for most of its audience it was a bracing experience. Even then it was beginning to be institutionalized, but—and this is the big thing about *Hair*—its audiences weren't. While the cast was settling into what was very literally a groove, the audience was still getting that I'm-seeing-something-for-the-first-time feeling.

Since 1968 I have seen the show in London and in Paris—the London cast being slack and a bit on the lethargic side, disaster in a show that depends on energy above anything else, and the Paris cast full of teeny-boppers, sixteen- and seventeen-years-old and pudgy, singing away in some kind of *franglais-cheveuxesque*, "Bon jour, soolfur-deoxeed, Allo, carbon-monoxeed."

By now *Hair* is an institution. It has all the problems of an institution. The co-authors of the book, Rado and Ragni, had a spat with producer Michael Butler, because they tried to introduce new material into the New York production—which hardly seems very controversial, since *Hair* is supposedly a free-form, adaptable show. It still has those who hate it and for every different reason. Some hit the nudity, which isn't all that much, since the performers are clad in light—they are deep maroon and mostly lost in the shadows. But more critics say the show is embalmed, a bourgeois-ossification of hippiedom. And so it is. But then hippies are among the most middle-class sorts there are, and like all embalming, the embalming in *Hair* maintains most of the beauty of the original while doing away with the pockmarks, in a shrewd and entirely understandable cosmetic operation.

I WENT BACK in New York a couple of weeks ago. The cast seemed a little smaller. The songs—"Aquarius" and "Frank Mills" and all the rest—maintain their zing. The shock effect is gone, but it is still intriguing to see a group of young actors on the escalator. Being in *Hair* is the road to success in theater these days, for a lot of people anyway. Fellini found Hiram Keller for his *Satyricon* there, and every European film-maker has canvassed the casts for juvenile leads and extras. In New York, Sally Eaton of Joseph Papp's ur-*Hair* is still around, pregnant as ever. Galt McDermott, who wrote the tunes, lots of them pop classics, comes in to shake up the musicians every Saturday or so. And one of the tribe, Fluffer Hirsch, substituting as Woof, does a fine job, exhibiting the kind of zap that puts young hirsutes into showbiz orbit.

Just as always, the cast was on top of the times it was living in. They have a fine sense of the showbiz dollar, and they are intelligent. The substitute Woof, analyzing rock musicals as a whole, said, "It's hard to extrapolate a theory of the rock musical on the basis of *Hair*." Some members of the cast are hung-up on vitamins, taking a thousand units of vitamin C every day, and taking vitamin E for excitement and calcium to calm down. Maybe it works. The cast of *Hair* looks a lot more serviceable than the cast of, say, *Salvation*, a blary, formula rock musical, which is all forced smiles and forgettable songs.

Hair is an idealization of life; the supposed catastrophe of the hero's getting drafted isn't really that much of a catastrophe, since you know he's still got his hair, really, and will be back onstage tomorrow night. The old musicals showed you the rosy side. So does *Hair*. There's a little pathos, but not much anger. With *Hair* you come back for more. And you go out whistling. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

I'VE SEEN IT HAPPEN TWICE: *First Hand Reports on a World in Crisis, by Lillian T. Mowrer (Devin-Adair, 263 pp., $5.95).* Lots of this ground has been covered before: the retreat through France ahead of Hitler's Panzers in 1940; the struggle to get the United States into the War; the founding of the United Nations; and the twenty years of broken hopes and promises that followed. It's not Mrs. Mowrer's fault the story is so well-known. She tells it briskly and with certain added jollities such as the advice that it is best, if retreating, to retreat in the company of a Rothschild, or the information that Lady Astor's butler regarded Hitler as "quite a common person, no manners at all!" and that FDR never stopped talking. But what is new and different and absolutely entrancing in Mrs. Mowrer's book is the final section in which she sets out, three centuries later, on a piece of historical detection. It is about John Scott of Long Island, sent to the colonies at the age of ten as an indentured servant because of his involvement in a Stuart plot; a young man who prospered in the new land, got into trouble with colonial authorities, surfaced in England where he was involved in the Pepys scandal. A thoroughly bad lot so history tells us. But Mrs. Mowrer got interested. She spent literally years in national archives, libraries, county seats, parsonages, old attics and, in the end, she succeeded in clearing John Scott's name. The things Pepys and his attorneys said about that man—lies all. P. L. BUCKLEY

MY BROTHER LYNDON, *by Sam Houston Johnson (Cowles, $6.95).* If indeed, as we have been told, LBJ did try to suppress this book, one can't imagine why. For it is, from cover to cover, a sycophantic puff piece oozing with nothing but adulation for the former President and caustic comment about those who differed with him. "Lyndon's 'shadow brother' pulls no punches in his outspoken, witty, eye-opening account of LBJ," a full-page ad in the *New York Times* promises us. "Sam Houston Johnson not only knows the behind-the-scenes stories of the history-making dramas, but he tells them all with 'country boy' candor." And technically the ad is true. Brother Sam pulls no punches because he throws none. Examples of his "country boy candor" include no mention at all of the Bobby Baker case

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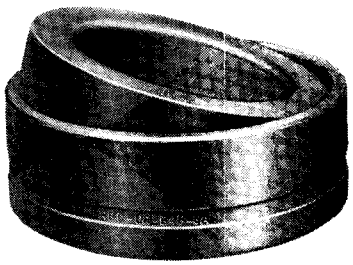

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and LBJ's involvement in it and the characterization as "sheer nonesense" by "a few soreheads" of the idea that there may have been some hanky-panky in Lyndon's 87 vote margin of victory in his election to the Senate in 1948. But, take heart. We are told that LBJ occasionally cheats at dominoes, is not a graceful loser, was once told by grandmother that he would end up in a penitentiary, almost married a Ku Klux Klansman's daughter, liked to "mash the gas pedal to the floor board" when there was no fuzz around, wore baggy, ready-made suits from Sears Roebuck when he first went to Congress, and once, sounding distinctly like an ex-Governor from Alabama, denounced Senator Fulbright, saying: "Hell, he can't even park a bicycle." Sibling Sam tells us that anyone who worked for his brother at least a month deserved a Purple Heart. Anyone making it through this book certainly deserves no less. J. D. LOFTON JR.

BEING BUSTED, *by Leslie Fiedler (Stein and Day, $5.95).* Not long ago, when my favorite cousin lost an accident damage suit, her mother, my aunt, thought anti-semitism was Behind It All. Leslie Fiedler suffers from the same malady, an old paranoia now unfashionable for Jews, but still popular (Revised Version) among Negroes. From boyhood days in Newark, through his Asian military hitch and first teaching job in gentile Montana, and finally to Buffalo, Mr. Fiedler has felt put upon. His book's theme is "the endless war between the dissenter and his imperfect society," the latest imperfections being Draconic drug laws and electronic surveillance. By the late 1960s, Prof. Fiedler's persecutors were no longer Western "small-town lunatics and back-country Right radicals." Instead, upstate New York's hatred of Hebrews and "damned wishy-washy eggheads" did him in. Just what happened isn't clear. He says a sick girl stooge of the cops bugged his house and planted pot there; the police denied this. Therefrom, the book, a clever if soggy and predictable *comédie larmoyante*, both tearful and humorous because Fiedler was hounded for a ludicrously overblown crime: "maintaining a premise where marijuana was found." Literary critic and friend of Youth, Fiedler thirsts for Relevance; he can't resist such asides as: "the war of whites against blacks . . . exported to Vietnam," "Can the university prevail over the closed industrial-military order?," "the marriage of the Drug Movement and the New Left," etc. Still, he delineates a major subject: "Not only does the drug problem conceal the more important matter of freedom to dissent, but the issue of dissent itself tends to conceal the underlying question of whether a society technologically able to destroy the privilege of privacy will choose to do so or not." Even before the age of bugging, Justice Brandeis put it nicely as "the right to be let alone. . . ." D. J. C. BRUDNOY

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 288)

few disturbances. We just must hope that in the future the repressive people in our country (most of them in the repressive parts of our country) will be a little more understanding. Jim . . .

Jim: And that's the way it is May 23, 1973.

Woodstock, N.Y. EUGENE MEYER

Another Country

C. H. Simonds' experiences with country music [*NR*, Feb. 24] evoked memories of huddling close to the radio listening to "hillbilly" music on WARL, Arlington, Virginia, enduring car lot and beer joint ads and "honkytonk hearts" to hear the un-electrified simplicity of "Silver Bells," Flatt & Scruggs, Grandpa Jones or the Browns. I had to huddle close because my mother wouldn't let me turn the volume above a whisper. (It's amazing what she has learned to put up with. Fourteen years later I came home from Vietnam and found her listening to *Alice's Restaurant*.)

Mr. Simonds is wrong to suggest that Doug Dillard is just now picking out a niche as an established country music performer. For almost a decade with his brothers and cousins in The Dillards he has played the most fluid and even—indeed, the only—dulcet bluegrass banjo I've ever heard.

Also, some years ago the Country Gentlemen put out an entire album of Beatles songs done country-style, entitled *Beatle Country*.

Chevy Chase, Md. SEAN FITZPATRICK

I stand corrected, and delighted. The trouble is, one so seldom hears groups like The Dillards and the Country Gentlemen on "country-and-western" radio stations, which devote most of their time to superstars and pap. The rock fan who tires of AM radio's Top Forty Bubblegum can always turn to FM and get the straight product; country fans are not so fortunate. —CHS

Complaint Dept.

As a NATIONAL REVIEW devotee of more years than I care to admit, I hope I am entitled to a protest now and then when it (*NR*) adopts the less desirable habits of the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*. I refer to M. E. Bradford's "review" of *Alfalfa Bill Murray* and *Huey Long* in the January 27 issue.

In *Post-Times* style, Bradford lists the books at the top of his review and then does not mention either in his copy. What the hell kind of a review is it that does not tell me if the book is good, trite, a zinger, a flop or a disaster? All I get is eight long-winded paragraphs about what *Bradford* thinks of the two subjects.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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DELECTATIONS

(Continued from page 312)

that water is brought great distances by truck at a cost of 15 cents a bucket. Guests drink bottled mineral water.

So here I am, ready indeed for my magnificent white beach, and where is it? Beyond walking distance. A boat is summoned, and in twenty minutes you are perched on a narrow neck of sand across the bay with several trim, lithe ladies of indeterminate age, with golden-alimony tans. Although French or Italian, they babble in English, the In-language, with built-in In-shrieks.

What other free delights are listed in the brochure? How about *barbecue party at one of our eighty unspoiled beaches*!"

"That was on Thursday," says the manager, emitting his 25-watt smile.

Well, *yacht excursion and lunch on La Maddalena island!*? Tuesday. But today it will be some other island, why don't you take a walk down to the quay? I take the half-mile walk and climb aboard the heavily antiqued, fussily brass-bound boat. "Only you turned up," says a plump brown *capitano* from behind his Batman sun-glasses and string-mesh vest. "Not a nice day is it? But stick around, maybe some others will come along." No one does.

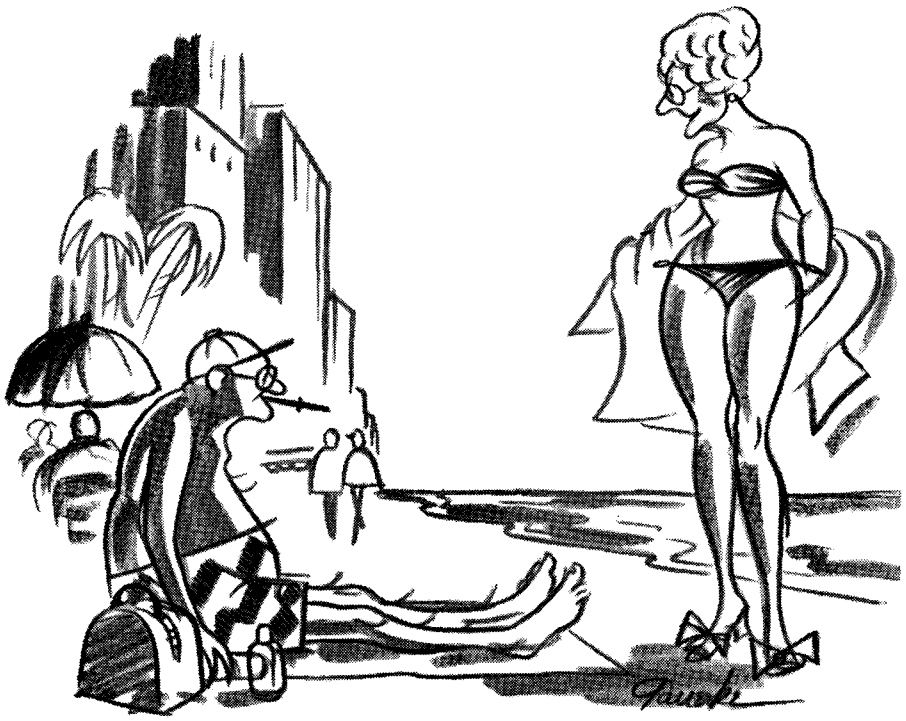
OK, so let's make the *round trip of the Costa by car!* Live it up! A cab, an old, finned brontosauran Buick is summoned from somewhere and we lurch off along roads which the Aga Khan has built and paid for himself. New villas and hotels are blossoming everywhere. Buildings like squashed beehives, Spanish forts, whited sepulchres, Chi-Chi Stonehenges, modishly uncouth stone cottages. The land on which these things are being erected was bought by the Aga Khan for $250 an acre. It is now worth 200 times that. Within ten minutes of returning to Porto Cervo, the hotel presents its $15 bill for the drive. Protests, a "scene"—this time with the manageress, who does her imitation of Callas in *Medea.*

Later comes *candlelight dinner at a typical Sardinian restaurant*, which is a plaster cave with dripping orange candles and menus on parchment scrolls that unwind to a length of four feet. The waiters wear roguish red blouses and black stretch pants like extras in a piracy-on-the-high-seas movie, circa 1940, starring Maria Montez. The typically Sardinian peasant chairs bite the back; the headwaiter is a French-speaking Milanese professional. The meal is about double the average Roman price, but quite good and one has (hasn't one?) to pay to see hand-picked peasants carve a complete boar.

Outside, the hot and sticky night is no hotter or stickier than my shirt, the third of the day. A lonely night-club, called "Nightclub," beckons. Its muted, bloodshot lighting, the orange cork and fishnet decor, the limp couple oozing about the dance-floor to the strains of a spaghetti-oriented "How Deep Is the Ocean" add up to life in an aquarium. Back to the hotel. Study the hydrometer: temperature at 1 A.M. 82° F. Humidity 97. Only 100 on the dial. To bed, with a hand-picked mosquito.

"Best of all," said the brochures, "you will find so much sunshine." But by noon the next day it has clouded over. Thunder rolls. Fat spots of rain fall, loosening the heavy atmosphere. I head back to Olbia, passing a new, modernistic church whose positioning suggests that God, although alive and well, has gracefully conceded His presence here to be bad form. Hand-picked peasants huddle by the road, out of the wind, waiting for trucks to take them to their villages across the miles of infertile countryside.

Out there is bandit-land, the ancient, enduring Sardinia of poverty and ignorance and suffering and pride, where peasants whom no one has picked sit silent and unmoving in doorways, in the shade of olive trees, gazing inscrutably —or is it just plain dumbly—at the passing scene. □



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On The Right

A View from the Top

Rougemont, Switzerland, March 10—An American historian, married to a Swiss and doing research on the military arrangements that made possible the Helvetian Confederation, has learned that the Swiss military have come to doubt that the United States will continue to provide an effective deterrent against Soviet expansionism. Their thinking is based not only on the old question: Would the United States risk nuclear war for Danzig? It is based also on a profound conviction —such as it is said Charles de Gaulle entertained—about America's capacity to cope with internal disorders.

THE LATTER has an obvious bearing on the former. It requires a nation either thoroughly united or thoroughly subservient to play convincingly at nuclear poker. The Swiss high command (or so the story goes) believes that things are getting worse, not better. And that it is altogether conceivable that in the next few years the Soviet Union will do an Operation Czechoslovakia against West Germany, confident of reaching the Rhine within two or three days.

At that point the Soviet Union would of course find itself with a considerable hostage force of American prisoners. If that point is ever reached—of course, it is all over. Because it isn't only the Swiss who know that atomic retaliation isn't going to come after deliberation, exchanges and the rest. Nuclear retaliation will come only if it has been more or less automatically programed. If it is more or less automatically programed, the West Germans have nothing to fear. It is the contention here that it is less than automatic, and that massive non-nuclear activity by the United States is unlikely, and may in any case be militarily useless.

That is why the Swiss are actually discussing the possible necessity of enormous contributions to the defense of West Germany, before retreating to the mountainous enclave that has protected them so admirably for so many centuries against the imperialist tidal waves that have swept Europe. The Swiss could, in a matter of days, put 600,000 men under arms: to be sure, for a very short, but perhaps decisive, period of time. It is as if the United States put twenty million men under arms.

It is snowing, here at Rougemont, and the wind is howling. It is perfect weather for reading the morning's news. The headline (in the *Paris Tribune*) tells the story that has rocked Switzerland. "Israel-Bound Swissair Jetliner/ Crashes After Blast/ Killing 47." Opposite is the news that Laos has lost its hold on the Plain of Jars, which is as if the United States had lost its hold on the Mississippi River.

There is a picture, on page three, of a young man holding an enormous rock high in the air with both hands. It is aimed at a plainclothesman, who is engaged at trying to keep order on the campus of George Washington University in Washington. In New York six firebombs go off in the early hours, some of them at the home of Judge John Murtagh, who is trying the Black Panthers accused of attempting to bomb shopping centers. Also in New York, it is reported, five teen-agers die of overdoses during that week of drugs. On page four, a headline reads: "U.S. Prosecutor/In N.J. Reveals/He Got Threats." The prosecutor in question is investigating organized crime in New Jersey, which more and more sounds like investigating organization in New Jersey.

Over at Woods Hole, Massachusetts is an elderly biologist, who won a Nobel Prize in the Thirties for discovering Vitamin C. His politics are absurd, suffering from deficiencies in Vitamins A, B and C. ("You have only to wish it and you can have a world without hunger, disease, cancer and toil—anything you can wish, wish anything and it can be done . . ."), but his words are resonant, particularly when read by Europeans. "American society is death-oriented. If you watch and if you read the newspapers, a great part of it is taken up by war, by killing, by murder. . . . All our ideas are death-oriented." Not quite. The trouble is that the wrong people are being killed or threatened with death. Innocent travelers going to Tel Aviv, rather than terrorists. Those who, as in Laos resist aggression, rather than those who make it. Those who, in New Jersey, labor against crime, rather than for it.

So, say the Swiss philosophically, buckling their belt, perhaps we shall have to go it alone. It's happened before. □

MR. AGNEW AND THE FUTURE OF THE GOP

Rougemont, March 14—Mr. Agnew's speeches are justly celebrated for their color and for the zest with which they profane the icons of Eastern Seaboard liberalism. I mean, imagine saying in a speech, "Senator Fulbright hasn't said anything new or interesting or clever in five years; his intellectual well dried up the day after Walter Lippmann stopped writing his regular column." Really, Mr. Agnew is accomplishing the liberation of the Vice Presidency. If you can say things like that, I think I'd consent to be Vice President.

What's more, Mr. Agnew is not fazed by the horrified reaction of his critics. I cherish his handling of a young editorial potentate who made it in the social-intellectual world of New York as head of a fashionable journal. He found himself, incredibly, at an affair at which the Vice President, incredibly, also found himself. So our hero approaches Mr. Agnew and says, "Mr. Vice President, in one of your speeches last fall you mentioned my magazine in such a way as implied approval of it. That has terribly damaged me. I wonder if I could persuade you to say something critical of it?" Mr. Agnew looked down, for all the world like Charles de Gaulle, patted the editor on the shoulder, and said in clipped tones, "No favors, young man."

But reading Mr. Agnew's speeches is more than watching late-night wrestling matches. One begins to see, limned in through the flurry of half-Nelsons, a strategy for the Republican Party, which Mr. Agnew believes is headed for a romantic rendezvous with destiny. What has happened, says Mr. Agnew, is that the Democratic Party is coming apart at the seams. The old Roosevelt coalition, Mr. Agnew observes, rested on four pillars. Namely, the South, the

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working classes, the Negroes and the intellectuals.

The South, says Mr. Agnew, is all but won. It is deserting the Democratic Party at a reassuring rate. The working man, says Mr. Agnew, is on his way over to the Republican Party, for reasons specified and unspecified. For one thing the working class is becoming a middle class. But also there is the working man's resentment over the collapse of law and order, and his resentment of inflation. "In the 1960s the Democratic National Party went on one of the greatest spending binges in history. Yet when the working man looks to Capitol Hill, what does he see? The leadership of the Democratic Party bellied up at the same old bar—ordering the same old whisky that brought us the economic hangover in the first place."

THE NEGRO COMMUNITY, Mr. Agnew concedes, is still moonstruck, for the most part, by the Democrats. But the suggestion therefore that the GOP is developing as a regional party is belied by the figures of the 1968 election. "We are hardly in the business of writing off the urban industrial Northeast when every large state in the region has a Republican governor—one recently elected in New Jersey by a landslide."

And, to be sure, the GOP has not won over the class of intellectuals. At whose expense Mr. Agnew has a thoroughly good time. Before the intellectuals can become convincing in prescribing for America, why not ask them to show us folks how good they are at running things by asking them to put their own house in order? "Just as other institutions and organizations were challenged and questioned, so too, the academic community went through a decade of crisis. And when the crisis came, the defenses of the academic community—like the British guns at Singapore—were all pointed in the wrong direction. . . . And then the years of permissiveness and indulgence finally culminated in the days of disorder—in violence in our cities and on our campuses. And if you walked through Harlem, or Berkeley, or Columbia or Watts at the height of the disorders, you could hear—through the din of the battle between police and rioters—that unmistakable sound of chickens coming home to roost."

I think it is Mr. Agnew's point that the Republican Party will settle for less than 100 per cent of the vote. "Senator Fulbright said some months ago that if the Vietnam war went on much longer the 'best of our young people' would be in Canada. Let Senator Fulbright go prospecting for his future party leaders in the deserters' dens of Canada and Sweden; we Republicans shall look elsewhere." Where most people live. □

THE DECLINE OF PORNOGRAPHY

London, March 18—The House of Lords is upset because it transpires that a directive to Her Majesty's Customs specifies that moderate supplies of pornography, being brought in for "private gratification" by individual travelers, are to be discreetly permitted to enter. Question: What is a "moderate" supply? Question: How is a customs inspector to know that it is for the "private gratification" of the passenger? Question: How many times a moderate supply does it take to make an immoderate supply? As one gentleman pointed out, there are people who travel to Copenhagen once, even twice a week. A year of moderate imports could fill a considerable library.

With what? Go to Copenhagen and find out. Having just been there, I have reached the melancholy conclusion that bad pornography drives out good pornography. If the author of *Fanny Hill* were to bring in his classic to the smut stores of Copenhagen, he would not be able to place it.

I do not exaggerate when I say that the sex stuff being merchandised in Copenhagen is the kind of thing that appeals to those who get their kicks out of the pictures in medical encyclopedias. So diligently have the merchants of lust exercised their new freedom to retail pornography that they keep their stores open until 3 A.M., a venture in commercial hospitality that they announce on their windows in several languages. The seriousness of the restrictions against the sale of the material to children sixteen or younger can be measured by the vending machines which perch outside the stores—five kroner can get you at least a dozen couplings. It takes a highly avanced society to guard against the contingency that you might run out of pornography sometime after three in the morning.

It is an interesting phenomenon, the decline of pornography, and the general assumption that the great supply of it will jade the appetite proves to be incorrect. What happened in Denmark last year, if the reports published in London are correct, is that the competition in pornography drove down the price of it, so that it appears as though the decreased dollar volume suggested that the public was tiring of it. But the gross sales figures suggest that the appetite is insatiable, and indeed Mr. Wilfred Sheed has pointed out that lust does not dissipate merely because stimulation is everywhere.

The easy argument—that pictorial, sledgehammer pornography is after all what is produced by dull people, isn't necessarily the answer. Last year, in New York, we had *Oh! Calcutta!*, written by such as Samuel Beckett and Jules Feiffer, and produced by Kenneth Tynan, who was once a theater critic for the *New Yorker*.

The incumbent theater critic for the *New Yorker* begged—literally begged—the public to stay away from *Oh! Calcutta!* In England, the reviewer for the *Daily Telegraph* summarized reviews of Mr. Tynan's play branding it as "tasteless, talentless, witless, joyless, anti-erotic, brutal, amateurish, soporific and debasing." The *New York Times* said that *Oh! Calcutta!* is the kind of thing that gives pornography a bad name. And finally, the *Telegraph* made the social point—or threat—"Many will feel that the Lord Chamberlain's role in the world of theater was abolished at precisely the wrong moment."

Meanwhile, the producers of *Oh! Calcutta!*, like the producers of *I Am Curious (yellow)*, laugh at their critics all the way to the bank. It may be that, like the pornographers of Denmark, they will suffer in the future from competition. The theatrical producers have the disadvantage that they need to have permission from the host country, whereas the pornographer can slip his material in through the mail, and even moderate amounts of it quite legally, as in England. You cannot sneak the cast of *Oh! Calcutta!* into any country, notwithstanding that they travel very light. Meanwhile England is bracing itself for the British production of the play, now that the authority of the Lord Chamberlain has been taken from him, and the question inevitably arises: Why should Englishmen be deprived of the right to see on the printed page, privately, what they are permitted, in the flesh, to see publicly in the theater?

WE COME FINALLY to the eternal question of censorship, and all the old arguments, on both sides, are trotted out. One thing, however, isn't said often enough. It is that to grant liberty to the smut peddlers may be justified, on libertarian and even on sociological grounds. But the creation of that kind of smut, even if it is legal, ought to at least remain a shameful profession, and the very interesting question is why the Kenneth Tynans of this world aren't treated to the contempt they deserve, along with the Danish pornographers. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A general scrimmage — 2 8 167 139 84 104 115 133 158 136 176

B. A position in basketball — 75 3 28 51 69 164 174 208 142 172 150 99

C. Part of a football field — 88 123 62 101 113 119 153 179 71 25 126

D. Part of a baseball team — 106 203 201 49 76 209 180 14

E. In parts, ready to be assembled — 162 34 30 135 170 122 192 177 77

F. A race across country, on foot or horseback — 181 90 55 59 105 129 141 161 191 213 4 81

G. Unscramble IRISH COT — 186 189 53 35 93 80 194 22

H. An epithet of Aphrodite — 200 159 109 58 83 23 100

I. What trees of a certain foliage are — 92 96 18 47 91 64 72 13 15 82 39 46

J. Where natators perform — 12 155 68 157 137 163 217 78 117 29 124 166

K. Capable of knowing without deduction or reasoning — 19 95 86 31 183 50 204 127 151

L. One of the officers detailed on duty at a foreign capital — 45 1 10 24 73 79 26 37 85 111 140 145

M. An aquatic sport — 70 60 32 128 146 16 36 107 175

N. Made obscure — 118 147 130 202 94 187 184

O. A Biblical character who kissed her mother in law — 27 40 7 38 44

P. Devoted to resisting or preventing aggression or attack — 152 116 173 171 89 195 110 61 178

Q. Manifestation — 165 97 103 108 74 87 120 132 148 156

R. A California product — 196 41 131 112 210 121 190 17 63

S. What Longfellow called his daughters (in jest) — 188 56 114 67 21 98 144 42

T. Jezebel's daughter — 207 197 5 143 212 48 182 199

U. What parrots and echoes engage in — 66 160 193 206 102 215 20 33 154 43

V. A Yankee outfielder, 1921 — 125 6 214 54

W. One of the several printings of a daily newspaper for a single day — 138 9 52 185 169 216 134

X. Freedom from confinement or narrow limits — 168 65 198 11 205 149 57 211

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 322 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

						1 L		2 A	3 B	4 F	5 T	6 V	7 O		8 A	9 W	10 L	11 X	12 J
13 I	14 D		15 I		16 M	17 R	18 I	19 K	20 U	21 S	22 G	23 H	24 L	25 C		26 L	27 O		28 B
29 J		30 E	31 K	32 M		33 U	34 E	35 G	36 M		37 L	38 O	39 I		40 O	41 R	42 S	43 U	
44 O	45 L	46 I		47 I	48 T	49 D	50 K		51 B	52 W	53 G		54 V	55 F	56 S	57 X		58 H	59 F
60 M	61 P	62 C	63 R	64 I	65 X	66 U	67 S		68 J	69 B		70 M	71 C	72 I	73 L		74 Q	75 B	76 D
77 E	78 J		79 L		80 G	81 F	82 I	83 H	84 A	85 L	86 K	87 Q	88 C	89 P		90 F	91 I		92 I
93 G	94 N		95 K	96 I	97 Q	98 S		99 B	100H	101C		102U	103Q	104A		105F	106D	107M	108Q
109H	110P	111L	112R	113C	114S		115A	116P	117J	118N	119C	120Q	121R	122E		123C	124J		125V
126C	127K	128M	129F	130N	131R	132Q	133A	134W		135E	136A	137J	138W		139A	140L	141F		142B
143T	144S	145L	146M		147N	148Q	149X	150B	151K	152P		153C	154U	155J	156Q		157J	158A	
159H	160U	161F	162E		163J		164B	165Q	166J	167A		168X	169W	170E	171P		172B		173P
174B	175M	176A		177E	178P	179C	180D		181F	182T	183K	184N		185W	186G	187N		188S	189G
190R	191F	192E	193U		194G	195P	196R	197T		198X	199T	200H	201D		202N	203D	204K	205X	206U
	207T		208B	209D	210R	211X	212T	213F	214V	215U	216W	217J							

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